Help, My Ice King Moved In!

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Help, My Ice King Moved In!

by orphan_account

Summary

Shang Qinghua is enjoying his simple married life, (albeit having to deal with demon complaints…) when he gets chucked back into the 21st century!?

Waking up on the floor in his stinky apartment—surrounded by wires and with hair sticking up straight—is not a good experience. At least he has a big ass iceblock to keep him company…

Or, twitter tells me Shang Qinghua has a name so I throw it into a fic.

*Several chapters have been reworked in order to include more details and character depth!

Notes

This is loosely inspired by “Achievement Unlocked” by The Feels Whale (miscellea) !! Please go read their awesome fic!!!

Due to my big fat amount of motivation and big fat amount of competitiveness I decided to make a moshang fic where Shang Qinghua’s real name is revealed!! Thank you mother MXTX for Xiang Fei

This fic will likely be updated once or twice a week depending on how busy I am.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Fried

A strange hissing noise by his head is what wakes Shang Qinghua up—thats not a good sound to hear. He groans internally, fearing that some beast had been let loose from one of the other peaks and made its way onto his own. Wait—he's with Mobei-Jun, why would there be a beast in his room?

That's all it takes for Qinghua to open his bleary eyes and rocket up, spine straight.

He glances around, allowing his vision to adjust as he blinks one eye and then the other.

'Huh…I didn't know Dawang had wires sitting around.'

Except Mobei-Jun doesn't. This is a cultivation setting after all.

"Wait a second…what the fuck!?" He cries, hands finding their way to his head. He often yanks on his hair when stressed—to the dismay of Mobei-Jun.

However, all he finds is spikes…because his hair is sticking straight up in the air. Straighter than him! Trademark sign of being electrocuted, he thinks.

It's almost ironic, since he got electrocuted.

Shang Qinghua turns whiter than the snow surrounding his king's palace.

"I'm back here???"

He scrambles to his feet, stumbling on flimsy legs towards the bright screen on his desk.

"Oh my god—it's fucking cucumber bro." He grabs his mouse, clicking on the screen till it unfreezes. There—as clear as day—sits a comment posted by 'Peerless Cucumber'.

Shang Qinghua wipes sweat from his brow, sinking back down to his knees. His lights will be out after the electrocution—he had been so shocked by such a comment that he spilled his noodles all over the keyboard.

The peak lord scoops up the noodle cup, and it's still warm. "On Bing-ge's pillar, this cannot be real."

What's he supposed to do? Ask for the system?

"System…?" He whispers miserably, not expecting an answer.

A blue screen pops up in front of him, the familiar kaomoji blinking brightly.

[Loading…]

'Yes! Wait, how can it even work with no Protagonist? Hack System! '

[Loading Complete! Welcome Back User! (≧▽≦)]

“What the fuck is this!? Why am I back here!?” Shang Qinghua tries to weakly punch it, but it fizzled away before he could.

[User has been brought back for an important purpose! “Mission: Airplane Logs Off” Has begun~]

“Oi–what is this!? At least tell me what the mission is about dipshit!”

[Answering User: Mission Objective 1—Discover Intruder! User must be quiet and sneaky. へ(￣ω￣へ)]

Shang Qinghua blanches, he’d just gotten back—why was there already a mission? Why did it include an ‘Intruder’? Was there a robber in his house?

He shakily clambers to his feet, looking at the ruined room and torn wires before shaking his head.

He'd already died once, there's not much that would surprise him.

His apartment is quite small and simple with just a kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, and small living room. He was boxed in on two sides—with one little balcony jutting out the front. It was where he hung his washing when the oven decided to refuse to work. Now that he thinks about it...that's a pretty dangerous idea.

Shang Qinghua shoves his bangs out of his face—when was his hair this long?—before creeping out into the hallway. Of course the lights didn't work, he had screwed them up by dying.

Oh well, his phone flashlight worked. He turns it on and shines it down the hall, shaking in fear.

Even after spending a good three decades being a peck lord, he still hasn't gotten over his natural twitchy personality.

Why should he when there are beasts around!?

He shivers, it's cold.

Too cold…

Almost like something is emitting cold…

Shang Qinghua pauses.

“It can't be…” he muttered.

He scampers to the door of the bathroom, grabbing a random broom on the way past as a weapon. Not that it would do much if the person had a gun or something.

The door opens with a loud creepy creak—like old Disney movies. Shang Qinghua lights a candle in his heart for himself, praying that he'd die a painless death.

His flashlight scans the room, bathing it in a yellow glow.

‘Shower, sink, rug, person, toilet—person?’

“What–!”

He slaps his hand over his mouth, eyes going wide in even MORE fear. Which low-key shouldn't be possible since he was already shaking like a frail leaf.

That was a big ass person too.

Shang Qinghua tiptoes forward, mismatched socks almost slipping on his shitty old rug he bought off a guy in an alleyway.

The person's on their back, long hair covering their face. Shang Qinghua switches off his phone so as not to wake the person.

He bends over slightly, intending to see the guy's face before calling the cops.

[Objective: “Find Intruder” completed! +30 Mission points! User is 2% finished with primary mission! (¯▽¯)^]

He jumps in fright.

“Fuck—System! Couldn't you at least warn me?” He wails, thanking the heavens for the System's ability to muffle conversations.

He crouches down, flicking long black hair off the dude's face.

‘Eh? This face…”

“DAWANG!!” He screams, throwing himself across Mobei-Jun’s shoulders and beginning to wail in happiness.

The man leaps up at the noise, slamming Shang Qinghua backwards into the sink with a loud crack.

“Shit…” Qinghua whispered, groaning as pain bloomed across the back of his head.

Mobei-Jun rises to his feet, a faint blue light radiating from his figure. Even with dazed eyes, Shang Qinghua still admires the beauty of his King.

The demon glares down at the poor shivering man on the floor, thoroughly examining him.

“Where am I.” He deadpans. It wasn't even phrased as a question!

Only due to half a decade of marriage was Shang Qinghua able to keep from dying on the spot from fear. He wasn't in his original body, but that wouldn't stop him from calmly explaining to his husband what was going on.

All he had to do was elegantly get to his feet and begin speaking! Shang Qinghua almost smiles at the simplicity before moving to get up.

Then instincts overtook and he throws himself at Mobei-Jun's leg, clinging on and bursting into a waterfall of tears.

"DAWANG!!!!" He sobs, tears pouring down his face as he sniffles into Mobei-Jun's robe. "I missed you so much!"

The ice demon's eyebrows raise, and his lips quirks up slightly as he bends down to grab Shang Qinghua gently by the scruff of the weirdly thin clothing the man was wearing.

Shang Qinghua finds himself being suspended in the air, the flesh of his stomach slightly showing as he met the eyes of Mobei-Jun.

"Qinghua?"

"Dawang!" The Peak Lord chirps, scrubbing his eyes violently.

—

Previously…

Mobei-Jun's palace was unnaturally silent. Too silent.

He stalks through the main hall, his robes barely making a sound against the polished stone. The guards had been dismissed hours ago—the moment he realized Shang Qinghua was missing. Missing.

He clenched his fists, blue light flickering faintly at his fingertips.

"Impossible," he hisses, "He can't just vanish!"

The rooms were untouched. The study still smelled faintly of ink, the balcony overlooked the icy courtyard, pristine. Yet…one candle still burned low, as if someone had been there only moments ago.

"Qinghua," Mobei-Jun's voice booms throughout the room, "Where are you?"

No reply. Only the faint hiss of the icy winds through the latticed windows.

Panic, a foreign visitor to the ice demon's composed mind, started to rise. He can't be gone. Not now. Not like…this?

Shang Qinghua wouldn't just disappear. He's a coward—but he wouldn't run from Mobei-Jun for no reason.

Plus, this King knows that his husband is far smarter than he lets on.

He moves to one of the balconies, scanning the horizon. Snow blankets the plains, glittering under the moonlight.

A shiver runs down Mobei-Jun's spine.

Like the feeling of being watched.

His hands itch towards the dagger at his waist.

He turns around suddenly—but before he could move, a glowing blue square appears in the center of the hall, hovering above the marble floor. It was shaped in familiar colors and characters, yes, but impossible—lines of strange shapes shimmered along its edges, an uncanny drawn smile fixed on its translucent face.

"I—who are you?" Mobei-Jun demands, his voice taut. His hands glowed brighter, preparing to defend if this beast attacked.

He swiped with sharp claws, but the creature faded quickly before spawning back again.

Out of reach.

Mobei-Jun scowled.

The figure dinged, a playful sound that made the ice demon's chest tighten.

[User 004: "Welcome to the System!" Welcome User, System operates based on Original Plotline ::08D2::]

"I… what is this?" Mobei-Jun's blue aura flares, illuminating the entire hall, snowflakes drifting in through the open balcony doors.

[Answering to User 004: Plot point Unlocked! "Back to the future?" (^ ∇ ^)]
The creature says cheerily, hovering closer.

[You've been upgraded. A guest has entered the mortal plane. User: [Character Locked] Objective: Unlock Hidden Ending. Optional: Don't die yourself!]

Mobei-Jun's grip on the air thickens. "Mortals? Objective? What nonsense is this?"

[Not nonsense User 004! (≥∩≤) We hope to provide you with top notch service on your vacation—starting from Mission 1.]

The System replies, spinning in the air like a toy.

[...]

‘What are these faces it's making? How is it speaking to me?’

[Important mission! You need to locate the Intruder, track, and—most importantly—interact with them without causing catastrophic emotional imbalance. -50 Mission Points if failed.]

Mobei-Jun freezes. Intruder? Emotional imbalance? His mind raced in sharp, frantic pulses. This wasn’t a trial, not a regular demon interference, not even a mortal sneak trying to steal treasure. This…was this thing referring to Shang Qinghua?

“My… guest… has been taken?” The ice demon’s voice was a whisper now, frost forming on his lashes. “What guest?”

[Yes! User 002 “Shang Qinghua” already detected missing from Mobei Palace. Probability of panic: 98.6%. Enjoyable chaos: Maximal. ヘ(￣ω￣ヘ)]

Mobei-Jun grinds his teeth. He hated chaos, he loathed panic. And yet…his heart thumped in ways he didn’t entirely understand, as if the cold wind itself had curled inside him. Betrayal…

He looked toward the balcony again. A faint blue flicker hinted at movement below.

“Where is he? Return him!”

The System gave a cheerful spin.

[Mission ‘Airplane Logs Off’ is officially active! Transmigration loading…]

—

Once the repeated greetings of “Dawang” and “Qinghua” had come to a stop, Shang Qinghua was lowered to the ground.

Mobei-Jun presses a hand against his fried hair, allowing the electric heat to cool and return to normal. Shang Qinghua sighs and rubs his hands against his forehead.

“Dawang I—I don't…I don't know why I'm here.” His attempt at acting like a calm peak lord obviously failed, and Shang Qinghua returned to sniffing.

“Where is your body? Who is this that you've possessed?” Mobei-Jun inquires, removing his cold hand from his husband’s head.

“This is my body,” the other man says, gazing up at Mobei-Jun. “Shang Qinghua…is someone else—but only in body! Don't kill me Dawang, I swear I'm Shang Qinghua!” He squeals and clings to Mobei-Jun’s sleeve.

The noble demon clasps this new face's cheeks in his large hands, giving an experimental squish and humming with acceptance.

"Dawang…?"

"Qinghua looks similar to his immortal body, but he is weaker like this." Mobei-Jun frowns and lets go.

"How do we get back?"

Shang Qinghua glances up, shivering as he called out for the system.

To Mobei-Jun, he just looked zoned out.

"System? How do I get back home?"

[Answering User 002: Once mission "Airplane Logs Off" has been completed, User and User 004 will be able to return to "Proud Immortal Demon Way".]

"How long will the stupid mission take…?" He groaned.

[...]

Hurry up! He yells internally, wishing he could shake the System.

[Answer depends on User's progression of plotline. Does user wish to spend 100 B-points for minor mission alternative? (≧▽≦)]

"Yes! Give me the alternative, holy shit—just make it easier!" He almost cries from joy as the System spins around and dings.

[Minor mission: "Fridge Invasion" has begun! Objective: Keep demonic ruler cool in unfamiliar environment.]

Shang Qinghua tilts his head, "Keep him cool? What, do I cram him into my fridge—fuck, the food is probably going bad from the power cut!" He cuts out of his conversation with the system, lunging forwards as if trying to leave.

Instead, he slams into two large things, both muscly but also soft at the same time. Usually he would enjoy burying his head in his husband's luscious chest—but there's food on the line! How are his precious instant dumplings supposed to stay frozen!?

Qinghua peels himself from his King's tits and attempts to explain himself.

"Dawang, I have to get to the fridge…"

"What is a…fridge?" Mobei-Jun peers around, as if expecting a creature called fridge to pop out.

“A cupboard dedicated to storing cooled food.” He darts around Mobei-Jun’s broad shoulders, making sure to admire his peak character designing skills on the way past.

The dumplings won't ice themselves!

Mobei-Jun strides after him, catching up extremely fast due to Shang Qinghua’s now ‘impressive’ height of 5’9. He was a much more respectable height in his former body thank you very much!

He quickly reaches the kitchen, rushing in and yanking open the fridge as Mobei-Jun stares at the dirty countertops.

“Where are your servants?”

Shang Qinghua briefly ignores him as he examines the fridge and decrees that the dumplings will survive until the power comes back on.

They’re still in the dark after all, lit only by Qinghua’s weirdly strong flashlight.

“Ah—this one doesn't have any servants Dawang.” He wasn't rich—unlike that filthy rich rolling-in-money Peerless Cucumber.

Mobei-Jun frowns, and then rubbed unconsciously at his forehead.

“Are you too hot?” Shang Qinghua squeaked, rushing back over to Mobei-Jun and feeling his head.

“You're burning!? That's not good—holy shit holy shit!” He panics, scrabbling at a strange metal device protruding from the silver box.

Shang Qinghua slams his fist against it, and it begins spitting out ice at rapid speed. Mobei-Jun’s eyes widen as his husband dumpa the fresh ice into his hands and begins dragging him out of the kitchen.

The ice made him feel slightly better, and they reach a room with two soft chair-looking things and a low table. A strange black screen sits perched on a cardboard box, and Mobei-Jun wrinkles his nose in distaste.

“Dawang lay down!”

He lays down at Qinghua’s command, who begins piling the chunks of ice all across his body. Usually he was able to push out ice using his powers, but for some reason he can't.

The System dings into view, and he scowls.

[Abilities temporarily paused until current mission is completed! >0<]

He waves his hand aggressively, sending the system speeding away.

Shang Qinghua narrowly dodges the motion, voice wobbling in devastation, “Dawang, are you in pain? Is it too hot?”

‘I can't shove him into the freezer! Why aren't his ice powers working—come on Elsa do something!”

“No,” Mobei-Jun murmurs, “System.”

Shang Qinghua freezes colder than the ice he's currently clutching.

“You can see the system?”

Chapter 2: System Satisfaction

Chapter Summary

> Mobei-Jun encounters a very stinky evil system...meanwhile Qinghua is just trying to calm his racing heart down.

Chapter Notes

> Gulp...I have a habit of making my chapters get steadily longer and longer, they start off small and get bigger I swear I'll finish this...! I'm itching to write more fics for the extras...bingzu my goat
>
> Also in this fic, Xiang Fei both is called and calls himself Qinghua, because he spent 30 years being "Shang Qinghua". As the story progresses, Mobei-Jun will learn more and more about his husband including his hamsters real name <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After making up the excuse of, “I need to shit” and running off to the bathroom, Shang Qinghua has narrowly escaped Mobei-Jun’s questions.

Shang Qinghua has spent at least twenty minutes in the shower trying to drown himself. He doesn't want to be back in this shitty world with the shitty taxes and shitty lack of cultivation. Even suffering through An Ding paperwork would be better than this!

His apartment stinks too, like it really smells weird. Guess he never noticed while churning out words every day.

Now that he actually examines himself, he finds his appearance not too different from Shang Qinghua’s. This body has the same slightly wavy brown hair, same brown eyes and even weirdly similar facial features?? How the heck didn't he notice this??

Stupid system pulling strings.

His hair is currently strangling him slightly, since it's kinda long.

Except for the extra fat instead of muscle on his belly, (and the height…!) he looks a lot like Shang Qinghua. The two of them could be cousins!

“Yo…System?” He asks, to the running water.

[System is here for inquiries.]

“How do I get back to Cang Qiong or whatever?”

[...]

The system starts thinking, and Qinghua rolls his eyes.

[Answering User 002: Complete mission “Airplane Logs Off” in order to return to Proud Immortal Demon Way.]

“Yeah, but what’s the goal of that?” He almost punches the stupid rotten box.

[System wishes to remind User that System can hear User's hurtful thoughts! (≧Д≦)]

“Be for real, you don't have feelings! You're a damn robot—”

The system starts flailing around, and Shang Qinghua hopes the water somehow will manage to drown it.

[Loading mission incentive…]

…

[Loading Complete! New Mission: “Preservatives Enhance My Homosexuality” has begun. Objective-Find food for Mobei-Jun. +200B-points if completed! User has 12 hours. (>Δ<)]

Shang Qinghua pauses, “Oh fuck he needs food! Wait—what can he eat here? I don't have anything in my fridge, it's not like I can feed him frozen dumplings—”

He grabs a lump of his wet hair in panic and begins pulling, continuing his rant.

“Or can I? He's an ice demon—surely he can eat frozen noodles, right? Shit—I—I can order food?”

[!Warning!: Too many questions. System will not answer User’s questions.]

“Fine, fine! Alright…how can Dawang see…you?” He grimaces, itching an armpit quickly.

[Answering User 002’s question: In order to bring Character !Mobei-Jun to the present world, System had to reveal itself to Mobei-Jun.]

Shang Qinghua briefly stopped wringing out his hair to snicker at it.

“Oh~? You broke your own rules, dipshit.”

[System refuses to answer mean and horrible User anymore. (≥Д≤) -20 System Satisfaction points.]

“What the fuck!? You can't just add points for yourself asshat!”

—

Mobei-Jun was scowling, like always.

He was currently sandwiched between a cold wet towel and a brick of ice. An interesting thing to happen, but he didn't mind.

He was just a bit pissed at his husband. Don't get him wrong, he was very proud of his one full year streak of ‘don’t hit Qinghua’, but it was getting difficult not to give the man a little shake.

Just a little one…

But to be honest, if he gave this new frail body of Shang Qinghua’s a shake, it would probably dislodge the man's brain and send it hurling out his throat.

Mobei-Jun didn't intend to have a face full of Qinghua brainsludge™ thank you very much.

What he was trying to figure out was the strange floating box.

“Foul beast.”

No answer.

“Foul creature.” Slightly nicer this time, but it still didn't warrant an answer.

“I demand you show this lord your being!” Mobei-Jun yelled, and the box popped up.

[This System does not answer to alternative names.]

“SYSTEM!!!” The ice demon roared, lunging for it.

[!Warning!: Attacking the System means deduction of points!]

“...System.”

[Yes, User? (▼)]

“What happens if you deduct points?”

[Answering User 004: Deduction of points means death of User Shang Qinghua and User Mobei-Jun. More points means purchases of plot-points and assistance!]

Mobei-Jun thought for a few moments, face impassive. If one were to look at him, they'd think he was calculating a particularly tricky math problem.

(“Do my algebra Mobei-Jun!” we all cry)

“Give me more points.” He deadpanned, and the system fizzled for a few seconds before releasing a series of singing noises.

‘Hmpf. Wasn't expecting it to actually listen.’

[Congratulations! Congratulations! Congratulations! Important things must be said three times! User has completed mission “Airplane Logs Off” +500B-points. User has unlocked new missions and plot points.]

“Tell me about Qinghua.”

[Would user like to exchange 100-points for Character page “Shang Qinghua”?]

Mobei-Jun glanced up, looking towards the hallway that Shang Qinghua had disappeared down.

“En.” He grunts.

[400B-points remaining: Loading Character page…”]

[Loading Complete! Character page “Shang Qinghua” 20% unlocked. Name: Shang Houjin, courtesy Shang Qinghua. Position: Peak Lord of An Ding Peak, Logistics. Specialty: “Squeeak…? Escape!”—]

‘Qinghua has a birth name? He's not just…Qinghua?’

“Stop. Who is the one Qinghua possesses?”

The one here. The one who looks like the An Ding peak lord, but isn't. The one who is Mobei-Jun's husband—he knows that for sure—but isn't at the same time.

He's confused.

[Information Classified. Page “Xiang Fei” locked.]

“Foul beast—unlock it!” He demands.

[User needs to complete mission: “Back To The Future?” In order to receive access to “Xiang Fei” character page.]

Mobei-Jun flung a kick at it, actually managing to strike. The bastard machine spluttered for a few seconds before meaning the dent in itself.

[System—System—...Loading…Loading..
Alternatively, User can gain satisfaction points from Protagonist or User 002 in order to unlock various Character Pages.]

“Protagonist? And Qinghua? Who is the…protagonist?”

‘Is Qinghua the protagonist…?’

[!!! User has initiated mission: “Double Date?” Worth +1000Bpoints. Find fellow transmigrators in order to complete mission.]

A button saying ‘Accept’, and one saying ‘Decline’, hovered ominously in front of Mobei-Jun.

“Answer my question!!” He slammed his hand on the decline button—still wanting to know who the fuck was the protagonist.

It disappeared, leaving the only other option.

…

He pressed the accept button, and the system started dinging and celebrating the new mission.

Mobei-Jun just scowled and went back to allowing the ice to melt on his back.

—

Shang Qinghua scrubs hard at his arms, attempting to dry them. Okay that was a lie…! He actually can't feel anything.

His nerves are fucking fried!

“Fuckkkk….” He groans, yanking open the door.

Once more he finds himself buried in cold tits.

“Mmpf?”

“Qinghua.” Mobei-Jun’s usual impassive face softens at the sight of his husband.

Shang Qinghua removes himself from his lover’s chest and smiles nervously, “Dawang! I–you’re feeling better? Aha…I need to get changed.”

He clutches the towel closer around his being.

He rushes past and slams the door to a room unfamiliar to Mobei-Jun.

The ice demon frowns, nonchalantness faltering slightly.

“When has he ever felt the need to hide his body from me?”

—

“Fuck—system!?”

[System is here! >0<][

“Is he still talking to you?”

[System doesn't understand User’s inquiry.]

“Oh fuck off.”

Shang Qinghua squats down and grabs a shirt—yanking it over his head and getting angry when it gets caught.

How come his clothes only catch on things when he's pissed??

He takes a deep breath, slinking closer to the computer with each passing second.

“Right…” He grabs the mouse, clicking away at the computer till it unfreezes. It fizzes for a few seconds, making him curse under his breath and whack it.

“Emails?? What the hell—bills as well it seems…”

He groans, shaking the cheap ass mouse till it lets him open the tab that he died looking at.

‘Proud Immortal Demon Way.’

“Holy shit…never thought I'd see it again.” He gulps, clicking the chapter list open and scrolling to the latest one.

The last one…chapter 6666. Such a shame he had to abandon his children!

Well—not abandon, he’s been around them for three decades now.

A crashing noise fills his ears all of a sudden and Shang Qinghua leaps to his feet.

“What the fuck!?” He wrenches open the door, scurrying down the hall at a speed that rivals cockroaches.

Mobei-Jun stands tall above the shattered coffee table, directing his next punch at a ringing rectangle.

“DAWANG NOOO!!!” Shang Qinghua howls, diving face first into the smithereens of glass and bodily protecting the still screaming chunk of technology.

“What is that? Is it a threat?”

Qinghua felt himself get hoisted into the air as he frantically clutched the phone to his chest.

“N-no Dawang! It's my phone, it's important I swear!” He pressed a few buttons, Mobei-Jun watching closely as the ringing came to a sudden stop.

“Is it the system?” He asked.

Qinghua froze, “Nope…it's used for communication mostly.”

He raised it to his ear.

“A-Fei! You haven't paid your bills again, I can't always pay them for you—you need to be independent—” A voice started booming out of the glowing rectangle, and Mobei-Jun almost dropped Shang Qinghua.

“I know Baba, I'll pay them soon—I’m just cleaning up.” Qinghua sighed, still swinging from Mobei-Jun’s grip.

“Where is that voice coming fro—” The demon lord suddenly felt a finger press up against his lips, and his gaze returned back to the one clutched in his fingers.

“Who was that you're talking to? It better not be debt collectors-” The voice sounded stern, with a hint of concern underneath.

“Baba please, it's just my…friend.”

[Ding! Congratulations! Character page unlocked for “Baba” (≧▽≦)]

The System flung itself into Mobei-Jun’s view, shooting fireworks all over its screen as if celebrating.

‘Qinghua’s…father?’

Now that he thinks about it, this husband of his has never mentioned any of his family members.

‘Hm. I’ll look at that later.’ He absentmindedly scratches his left pinky finger.

“Buh-bye, I'll see you soon.” Qinghua taps the ‘phone’ once, and then slumps. Mobei-Jun puts him down.

“Haha…that was my dad, he's a bit pissed at me not paying my bills.”

Mobei-Jun just grunts before grabbing the phone out of Shang Qinghua’s hands at lightning speed.

“Dawang, do you want me to teach you how to use it?”

Another grunt.

Qinghua shows him the lockscreen—a hot man with abs on it, drawn in a strange colored style. Mobei-Jun scowls in rage, raising his fist to smash the phone.

“Dawang—? NO!!” The hamster wails, scrambling to press a series of number buttons Mobei-Jun commits to memory.

“Fuck—I’ll change it I swear!”

“Me.”

‘Qinghua shouldn’t have that strange looking naked man on his…brick.”

Shang Qinghua taps yet again, this time opening up a white looking background and typing in something.

A series of images of Mobei-Jun pop up, each one more nude than the last.

‘How did they get paintings of me?’

Qinghua shakes his head at each one, getting sour-faced every passing second.

He glances up, “Dawang, do you want to take a picture?”

“...Do you have an artist to hire?”

As to him, portraits took hours to paint—handmade by talented people worth quite a lot. Although, all he had to do was threaten them.

His husband shook his head, brown eyes brightening.

“Nuh-uh, come—put your face beside me.”

Mobei-Jun does so, and Shang Qinghua puts up his fingers in a shape that reminds Mobei-Jun of a valley.

The weird glowing brick flashes once, and Qinghua examines it for a few moments before grinning and turning it to Mobei-Jun.

It's a painting of them together—but even more realistic than any actual painted one. The ice demon stares down, straight at the appearance he has.

He looks…slightly different. His skin is less ghostly pale, and his ears aren't pointed upwards.

Then he turns, taking a good long look at his husband.

The Shang Qinghua he knows has brown wavy hair that's piled up in a loose bun, brown eyes—and a lean body. He's shorter than Mobei-Jun, but even shorter in this new body.

The new Qinghua doesn't look too different—the same brown eyes and wavy brown hair, just at shoulder instead of mid back length. This Qinghua has a mole on his right cheek, and younger features. He's smaller, with less muscle and more flesh. More for Mobei-Jun to grab at it seems.

Excellent, he nods.

“Dawang? Are you hungry?”

He shakes his head, before suddenly dragging Qinghua downwards.

“Da-Dawang?”

Mobei-Jun lies curled up on the floor, hugging Shang Qinghua against his chest tightly. Their hair flows over one another, and the An Ding Peak Lord just smiles.

He's stressed ya'know! Being chucked into his past life, having to deal with a literal demon king around, being absolutely starving, it's all very difficult.

He's just glad Mobei-Jun still likes him enough to not give a damn about his…appearance.

Visible pores, no cultivator body, no muscles or anything—this stinks! If only he was rich enough in his past life to afford a gym membership.

Qinghua closes his eyes, feeling cold lips press gently against his forehead.

Maybe he should take a nap.

Meanwhile, Mobei-Jun lies there for a very long time—waiting for his husband's breaths to become even and slow—indicating deep sleep. His own mind is whirring, the System obviously lurking around back there.

"Why…" he whispers against his lover's hair, " "why did that man call you A-Fei?"

Chapter End Notes

Ty for reading! Give me comments to read man I love commenters, also Bingqiu will show up sometime I swear

I do have my final exams next week, so I'll probably post a new chapter next Saturday or Sunday !!

Chapter 3: Red Bull Gives You Wings

Chapter Summary

Mobei-Jun discovers Mac n Cheese!

Chapter Notes

CW: Slight angst...!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mobei-Jun sat up, very still, very cautious. His robes were hanging slightly off his shoulders, his hair loosely cascading down his back. It was warm under these blankets—and the floor was surprisingly comfortable.

He glanced down, expecting to see Qinghua curled against him, snoring adorably.

He resisted the urge to slam his fist into the floor when he found nothing.

And so the ice demon got to his feet, skirting around the brick of glowing metal like it was gonna jump at him, and went off to look for his husband.

As he wandered down the hall, kicking aside old mismatched socks—plus a strange round machine with a long nose—he suddenly stopped.

There on the wall were pictures, similar to one he and Qinghua “took” the day prior.

The person in the photo was an older man, with very short wavy brown hair, going slightly gray at the edges.

Was he a criminal? Sick? Was he dangerous to Qinghua?

Mobei-Jun peered closer, and saw the same soft cheekbones and round eyes eyebrows that his beloved had. This…is this a member of Qinghua’s family?

Beside that framed painting was a picture of three people. A very young version of Qinghua, around four or five, and the man from before. Other than them, there was a woman.

She had black hair pulled into a braid over her shoulder, and Mobei-Jun noticed her lack of shared features with Qinghua.

Other than those eyes and smile. Warm brown eyes, and a smile as brilliant as mountain marigolds. Qinghua loves marigolds, and so Mobei-Jun built him a garden safe from the falling snow.

He wouldn't allow Shang Qinghua to sniffle over flowers.

He's only allowed to be happy when Mobei-Jun is around.

‘Is this Qinghua’s mother?’

The woman was quite pretty, and the more Mobei-Jun stared, the more he noticed miniscule features.

Qinghua’s new body has a mole on his neck, and so does the woman in the photo. When he smiles—dimples show, which the man has.

These people are Qinghua's parents.

[Ding! 50Bpoints awarded for unlocking ‘Mom’ and ‘Dad’ character pages! > <]

Mobei-Jun frowned, attempting to resist the urge to grind the system into the floor. He’d greatly enjoy seeing it splinter—suprising, since he normally kills without care.

[User 004 has 25% understanding of Character ‘Shang Qinghua’, and 20% completion of ‘Back to the Future?’ Keep up the good work!]

Mobei-Jun just batted it away with a hand, not abandoning the change to attempt to whack the foul creature.

He misses.

He turned away from the captivating pictures, slinking down the narrow hallway till he reached the cramped space Shang Qinghua called a kitchen.

There stood his husband, stirring something at the counter. It smelled strange, like salts and fats.

Mobei-Jun crept closer, assuming Shang Qinghua's cultivation was no longer occupying this body.

His arms wrapped around his husband’s stomach, yanking the man back into his embrace.

Qinghua’s back hit his chest, and he let out an ‘oomph’, whipping around.

“Dawang! You're awake!” Qinghua said, licking the spoon he was holding.

Mobei-Jun grunted, taking his hamster’s face in his clawed hands and bringing him closer.

His lips pressed a cold kiss into Shang Qinghua’s forehead, and his lover grinned.

He's so beautiful.

So genuinely, perfectly beautiful.

In any body.

“What is that?” Mobei-Jun inquired, gesturing towards the bubbling pot.

Shang Qinghua suddenly looked nervous.

“Qinghua. What is that.”

Not a question anymore! Shang Qinghua now had the urge to grab the pot and make a run for it, maybe he'd be able to make it out the door.

“Haha…! It's just mac and cheese—it’s really good Dawang!” He held the spoon out, and Mobei-Jun sniffed cautiously.

Smells like nothing he's ever smelled before.

Suspicious.

Qinghua went back to rambling, like he usually did when he was hiding something.

“Mac and cheese is delicious I swear, it's salty and good—made of milk by the way,” He stirred, smiling at the fumes continuing to assault Mobei-Jun’s poor sensitive nose. “I am lactose intolerant but its fine, I'll share with you! Wait…are demons lactose intolerant…?”

He muttered the last bit.

“What does that mean? Lactose intolerance?”

“Haha! Dawang, it's fine, it just means I can't eat too much milk and cheese…” Qinghua turned back to the burning cheese, dragging it off the counter and into the cup filled sink.

“How much milk and cheese is in there?”

‘Is Qinghua unable to eat things? Does he not like milk? Is he eating something bad for him?’

“Not too much…”

“Lies.”

“Okay fine,” his husband pulled the spoon out with a wet pop, “it's filled with milk and cheese—its fine, I swear! It mostly makes me shit my brains out, but it's okay!”

Mobei-Jun scowled so deeply at the mac and cheese that it rivaled Shen Jiu. Shang Qinghua quivered, standing in front of the pot as if Mobei-Jun would lunge at any moment.

—

Shang Qinghua found himself sitting at the small table in his house, with the pot of Mac and cheese sitting on a towel in front of him. It would've been a pretty normal evening, find something shit to eat (sometimes American foods), read shit, write porn, fall asleep on the floor…pretty good if he remembers.

But no—Mobei-Jun just has to stand ominously over him like the plastic pasta is going to kill him! To be fair, the microplastics might—but they're just extra flavor at this point.

He raises his fork, quivering in fear as he pushes the food into his eyes.

A beat of silence stretches, Mobei-Jun glaring as if daring the food to try anything.

‘Okay Alpha…’

Shang Qinghua giggles before imagining the omegas in the bls he used to read. Don't get him wrong, they were peak, it was just terrifying to see what happened to omegas in every story!

He shivers—he’d rather be a beta.

He swallows, and Mobei-Jun grunts a pleased sigh of relief.

Then the ice demon reaches down and plucks a row of macaroni onto one beautiful nail, slurping them up like a particularly delectable morsel.

No actually, more like a picky child trying boiled snails for the first time.

Mobei-Jun chews for a few seconds before raising an eyebrow. (which is just his face twitching slightly)

“Hmmm…”

He didn't like it.

—

Strangely, Mobei-Jun quickly grew tired again, which according to the system was the fault of the sudden world change. Shang Qinghua mentioned being tired too---but had downed a cup of 'cough-ee" and remained awake.

After almost collapsing from exhaustion not familiar to him, Mobei-Jun found himself wrapped up in a blanket on the long chair in Qinghua's living area.

Where was his husband sleeping?

He'd find out soon. As soon as he rubbed the crunchy goo out of the corner of his eyes.

Mobei-Jun turned his head, glancing at the open window—letting in a light breeze. It was peaceful, if it wasn't for the loud hum coming from down the narrow hallway again.

It wasn’t spiritual. Not quite mechanical either. It sounded like the groan of something hungry.

He sat up slowly, the blanket slipping off the couch and onto the dusty ground. The air in the little house was thick and slightly sour—a mixture of oil, mildew, and something that reminded him vaguely of depression.

Qinghua wasn’t there next to him. Again.

He rose, letting his feet touch the cold laminate floor. It bent slightly under his heel. The floor was supposed to be solid, wasn’t it?

There was a low buzz coming from the next room. Mobei-Jun frowned and followed it.

The hall was dimmer, a single crooked bulb overhead flickering like a dying will-o’-the-wisp. He stepped carefully around piles of mortal clothing and some strange black objects tangled together by snake-like cords.

The noise grew louder as he approached the kitchen yet again. Maybe Qinghua was making more of the weird salty goop called 'mac and cheese'?

When he turned the corner, he froze.

A small round creature was inching across the floor, growling. It had one glassy eye that rotated like a spirit’s pupil. Its mouth was a tube, snorting dust and tiny crumbs into itself.

Qinghua was holding it with one hand while stirring dark powder into a cup, seemingly distracted by his fat glowing brick.

Mobei-Jun stared. The creature bumped into the wall slightly, bounced off, and continued whirring away, controlled by Shang Qinghua.

He crouched, ready to strike.

“Dawang, no! That’s my vacuum!”

Shang Qinghua burst out of his trance, dropping the spoon with a clang, “Please don’t kill it —this is the new one!”

“It is breathing loudly,” Mobei-Jun said coldly.

“Sorry! Yeah, it cleans, it's a robot.”

What the hell does that mean?

“It devours the ground.”

“It devours dust.”

The ice demon frowned harder, “Then it is a spirit of filth.”

“Okay, wow, harsh. It was like eighty bucks on sale.” Qinghua winced, glancing down at the creature in an almost fond way.

The vacuum whirred cheerfully and bumped into Mobei-Jun’s boot. He immediately kicked it. It hit the wall and cracked with a wheeze.

Shang Qinghua yelped, "DAWANG!!! I needed that—do you know how expensive real Dyson vacuums are??"

[-20Bpoints for failing to make User Shang Qinghua feel better. Please solve this issue User!]

Mobei-Jun whirled around, shoulders drawing together as he stomped away.

They were supposed to communicate well, why weren't they? What was wrong with this boring and stupid world?

—

Later, Mobei-Jun stalked through the apartment on his own, searching for any more 'filth spirits'. The deeper he looked, the more he realized the place was…

Rotten.

There were small holes near the ceiling—the kind little mice make. The wallpaper peeled like dead skin. Water dripped steadily from a pipe under the sink, leaving a stain of black mold on the floor.

When he brushed his hand against the wall, plaster dust came off in white flakes, like the crumbling foundation of a dying courtesan.

The door to what could only be Qinghua's bedroom didn’t close properly. The lock hung loose. And the window...the window was sealed with clear tape, cracked in two corners.

He could see outside, where the streetlight flickered over an empty alley.

Cold wind slipped through, not that it was anything bad to him. But to his husband's new frail mortal body?

Mobei-Jun stood there for a long moment, staring at the strips of duct tape trembling in the draft.

Shang Qinghua had called this place 'home.'

He felt his jaw tighten almost painfully.

The man he had built half a place for had lived in a leaking mortal den with rusted pipes and insects crawling under the walls.

As if summoned by the thought, a cockroach scuttled past his boot.

Mobei-Jun stiffened. Slowly, his fingers curled into a fist.

The roach met an immediate and violent end.

He took a step back, his expression blank as always, but his chest burned in a way he didn't understand. Anger. Cold and quiet anger.

But most of all, concern.

Why was Qinghua living here? Why did his husband—his beloved, his occasionally fragile, infuriating, precious little human—stay in a place where the walls coughed dust?

He returned to the cold box next, once Qinghua left the kitchen to try to tape the filth spirit back together. It was old, humming with the same energy as the vacuum. Its surface was dotted with colorful paper rectangles, photos, small drawings, and a magnet shaped like...

Mobei-Jun peered closer.

This...Junshang?

Why did Qinghua have a small picture of Luo Binghe? And a naked one? How did Mobei-Jun not notice this before? Was Qinghua in love with Binghe?

No. He wasn't that insecure in his love of Qinghua. It must be...someone else.

Mobei-Jun stared for a few more seconds. Then, carefully, he opened the door.

A wave of good cold air hit him. Inside was—he blinked—half a bottle of milk, two empty boxes, and something green that was not supposed to be green.

He slammed the door shut.

"Qinghua," he said when his husband reappeared, balancing his brick and a metal cylinder that was silver and red, "Do mortals need to live in places like this?"

Qinghua blinked. "Uh…places like what?"

Mobei-Jun gestured around him, the cracked ceiling, the single crooked chair, the faint smell of damp wood. "This place is unfit for life."

Shang Qinghua laughed nervously. "Yeah, well, rent's cheap."

"Rent."

“Money, husband. Gotta pay for the privilege of not dying in the rain.”

He ignored Shang Qinghua's attempt at changing up Mobei-Jun's attitude by using 'husband'.

“Then I shall destroy this ‘rent’.”

“Don’t destroy rent! The landlord will kill me!"

“I will destroy rent." He paused, "and the landlord."

“Dawang—”

Mobei-Jun turned away. The anger sat low in his throat, strange and heavy.

He’d fought gods and demons, torn kingdoms apart, frozen rivers, slain armies—and yet the idea of Shang Qinghua coming home to a freezing apartment with holes in the wall made something in him curl inward, upset.

He moved through the rooms again, slower this time, noting everything, the threadbare blanket folded neatly on the couch, the mismatched dishes, the old pair of slippers by the door with one sole nearly gone. Qinghua followed behind him, shaking in the fear Mobei-Jun had gotten rid of ages ago.

It was his job to protect his beloved.

How long had Qinghua lived like this? How long had he been alone here, coughing and eating shit and calling it 'fine'?

When the light flickered again, Mobei-Jun raised a hand. Frost bloomed up the wire, steadying the current, stopping the flicker.

[Ding! 100Bpoints for understanding problems! 50% understanding of Shang Qinghua! (≧▽≦) Well done to User for briefly re-unlocking demonic powers!]

It was a small thing, but the room felt quieter.

Shang Qinghua gaped. “...Did you just fix my lights?”

“Yes.”

“With ice?”

“Yes.”

Qinghua grinned, “Thanks, Dawang.”

Mobei-Jun said nothing. He only looked once more at the rotted walls and decided, very simply, that this would not stand.

He would find this ‘rent’. He would find who owned this miserable dwelling. And then he would find Qinghua a fortress worthy of him—with walls that did not bleed water, floors that did not bend, and rooms that smelled not of dust but of safety.

But first...

He turned, picking up the brick and tossing it aside—to the wail of Shang Qinghua.

The can soon followed, with his husband almost diving for it. Mobei-Jun bracketed the smaller man between his arms, leaning in and glaring.

Qinghua started shaking, cheeks puffed up like they did when he scoffed a bunch of seeds at once.

Mobei-Jun grasped his lover's face, slamming their lips together harshly, almost drinking in the smell of Shang Qinghua.

[Ding! +10Bpoints for initiating 'Did you just take my first?' > <]

“Dawang…”

Mobei-Jun grunted.

Shang Qinghua made a soft sound against his mouth, startled, half protest and half breath.

When Mobei-Jun finally drew back, their foreheads stayed together. He could feel the human’s pulse racing beneath the thin skin of his throat.

“Dawang,” Qinghua whispered again, voice rough, eyes huge. “You can’t just—throw my phone! It’s practically the only warm thing in here!”

Mobei-Jun blinked once. The brick lay on the floor, glowing faintly, an orange light trembling through the cracks. It looked like something that might explode if provoked further.

“You sleep beside that?”

“It keeps me from going insane,” Qinghua said, defensive. “And the landlord still hasn’t fixed the central heating—even though it's already November.”

“Landlord,” Mobei-Jun repeated slowly, as if tasting an enemy’s name.

This ‘Landlord’ person again…

“Yeah. The guy who owns this place.”

Mobei-Jun’s voice dropped to a dangerous calm. “Where does he live?”

“Oh no, you’re not—Dawang, you can’t just kill him—that’s pretty illegal haha…!”

“I can.”

“You can’t.”

“I will.”

Qinghua rubbed a hand down his face, muttering something about property laws. When he looked up again, the demon was staring around the room with a new kind of scrutiny, as though mapping every weakness that might threaten his spouse. The cracked wall. The crooked shelves. The single chair held together by tape.

He bent, picking up the fallen can from earlier. “You eat from metal?”

“That’s a drink,” Qinghua said, still pink-cheeked. “It's energizing.”

He examined it, shook it once, and listened to the slosh inside. “It sounds like water.”

“It is quite yum—Dawang, stop shaking my dinner.”

“Dinner?” Mobei-Jun lifted to his lips, letting the liquid trickle into his mouth.

“...Sweet.”

Mobei-Jun set it down with exaggerated care, to the smile of Shang Qinghua. Then his gaze caught the computer glowing on the table. “And this?”

“Oh, that’s my work—no, don’t touch the keyboard!”

Too late. His husband’s claw brushed the buttons and a blinding light filled the screen, spreadsheets, emails, and half-written smut drafts. Mobei-Jun lunged back in confusion as the machine buzzed beneath his fingers, alive in its own way.

‘Is this you, foul creature?’

[No User, this is a computer, not System.]

“It’s called a computer,” Qinghua muttered, trying to close windows before his husband could see the extremely familiar Luo Binghe.

Mobei-Jun tilted his head. “Why does it know so many words?”

“Because I’m a writer, Dawang.”

Mobei-Jun looked very skeptical. “You write for this machine? Is it forcing you?”

“I write for money through this machine, it pays the rent.”

That word again. Money. Rent. He didn’t understand why everything Qinghua did seemed bound to invisible shackles made of it.

The rain outside strengthened, tapping against the taped-up window. A drop leaked through, sliding down the wall. Mobei-Jun followed it with his eyes until it reached the floor.

Without giving warning, frost bloomed from his palm, sealing the crack. The temperature in the room dipped a few degrees, Qinghua's breath coming out in a startled puff of mist.

"Dawang, you can't just—now it's ice! It'll melt later!"

"Then I will freeze it again."

"That's not—that's not how plumbing works!"

He ignored the complaint, scanning the rest of the room for other failings to correct. The flickering old lightbulb hissed and went still. The constant drip beneath the roof crystallised, turning into a clear icicle.

Qinghua watched in silence as his husband continued his crusade against household decay, moving with the same precision he used in battle. Every movement carried the weight of a vow, this place will not harm you.

It will not make you sick again.

When Mobei-Jun finally straightened, the apartment was once again quiet. The hum of broken appliances had stopped, only the sound of rain remained.

Usually on nights like this, Qinghua would spend his time writing more mindless porn for his readers.

He'd likely be hungry, but there was sometimes a bag of last week's chips rotting in the corner of his room.

If there wasn't, he'd just wait till there was food.

He turned back toward Qinghua. The mortal stood in the middle of it all, shivering slightly, hair still sticking up, spoon still in hand. So small. So alive.

Mobei-Jun's throat tightened.

He took one step forward, lowering his head until his mouth brushed the side of Qinghua's temple. "I will not allow you to live among rot," he murmured. "You belong in a fortress, back in the palace."

"Or," he continued, "on your peak."

"Fortress?" Qinghua repeated weakly. "What, like a castle?"

"Yes."

"With heating?"

"With whatever you require."

"That sounds…expensive."

“I will acquire expensive.”

Qinghua laughed under his breath, a small, incredulous sound. “You can’t just walk into a bank and demand a castle, not in this age.”

Mobei-Jun’s expression did not change. “Watch me.”

Qinghua knew wealth and riches, he was born in a semi-good family and rose to become a peak lord. He had lived in riches and had been spoiled for many years.

It was so depressing to return to this.

But…he was so used to it. It was so easy to just pretend that living in his own novel was just a dream—and that this was his reality.

Of course Mobei-Jun wasn't in love with him.

But he is! He remembered, because his husband was standing beside him, lips to his forehead.

It doesn't matter how rich or poor he is—as long as he has Dawang.

For a moment they stood like that, the mortal man in his hole ridden shirt, the demon king in his half-fastened robes, and the frozen droplets catching light between them. Outside, thunder rolled again.

The system chimed softly in the air next to his ear.

[Ding! Quest Updated—‘Domestic Stability’ Step 1—Confront Landlord.]

“Oh no.”

Mobei-Jun just hugged him tighter, hiding his small grin at receiving the same message.

He would get rid of this…

‘Landlord.’

Chapter End Notes

I think my last chapter glitched and added two end notes it better not do that this time grr...

Slight update I have my final exam tommorow and I now have a gf since Tuesday lmao I will post a new chapter either this week or next, since my birthday is on Friday gosh there's so much stuff happening 💔

Mobei-Jun: 1
Cockroach: 0

Chapter 4: Popsicle

Chapter Summary

Landlord vs Mobei-Jun???

Chapter Notes

I was far too lazy to add footnotes so see end of chapter for translation for things ive shoved in here <3

Enjoy!

Tags have been updated with characters that have joined the fic!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mobei-Jun had squished his husband between his giant arms (and giant ‘pecs’ as Qinghua called them.) for quite a while before Shang Qinghua got back up. The System had dinged earlier, indicating a new unlocked slot labeled ‘Landlord’, which Mobei-Jun had scowled at.

His beloved had once remarked that if he saved a silver for each time Mobei-Jun scowled, he'd have enough to buy another palace.

That was back when Shang Qinghua had assumed this lord was not listening. Back when Qinghua was still nothing more than a spy.

When he had gotten up, Qinghua looked happier. Mobei-Jun was still pissed at the rotting house his lover seemed to be comfortable in.

Pathetic.

This isn't where humans should live—let alone his human.

He's going to kill that landlord.

And so Mobei-Jun manspread on the couch and watched the filth-eating whirring creature bash into tables and attempt to eat a fork before giving up and spitting it out with a heinous grating noise.

‘Weird thing.’

But Qinghua had seemed fond of the little lump of metal, so Mobei-Jun allowed it.

“System.”

[System is here to help! >•<]

“I assume that in this world, rules are different. How do I kill the landlord?” Mobei-Jun rested his chin on his hand,

[World 001: ‘Killing landlord’ inquiry…]

The screen suddenly lit up with a bunch of glowy fun colors, and started playing an upbeat tune that ended in a strange word.

‘Cocomelon…?’ Mobei-Jun thought.

[Wahh! Today, let's learn about ‘Landlord’! (≧▽≦) What is a Landlord?-]

“You tell me…”

[A Landlord is somebody who owns a property and allows somebody else to live in it for a price! (◦ ω ◦) Landlords are associated with-]

The screen lit up again.

[Warning: Negatively associated words, please keep in mind mental health and emotions.]

“What—!?”

[With rent, sadness, depression, anger, despair, unfulfilment, a feeling of being trapped, trapped, unengaged, burnt out, hatred, fury, grudge, grief, desperation,]

“Shut up! I know—where do I find it?” Mobei-Jun cracked his knuckles threateningly, and the System returned back to its normal colors.

[Landlord’s often live within the same building as their occupants—but please remember that breaking severe rules in this world results in a deduction of points. 0 points mean 0 life! User must still complete quest!]

‘Landlords…killing it will result in either someone being angry at me and attempting to arrest me—or being angry at Qinghua.’

He weighed his options carefully before standing up.
“Tell me where the landlord is.”

[Locked character page! Would user like to spend 100B-points to unlock *locate* feature? (͡❛ ͜ʖ ͡❛ ʊ)]

Greedy piece of shit.

“Fine.”

[Character page unlocked! -100Bpoints, 360Bpoints remaining. User’s current statistics: ‘Back to the future?’ 25%. ‘Double Date!’ 1%. ‘Domestic Stability’ 45%.]

Now, he just had to find a way out of this wretched place without his beloved noticing.

Mobei-Jun eyed the front door like it was an enemy general standing across a battlefield. Unfortunately, it was only a poorly made slab of wood painted an offensively cheerful shade of white. The fact that humans trusted this to keep danger out was proof enough that Shang Qinghua’s species had a collective death wish.

He glanced over his shoulder.

Qinghua was still fussing with the whirring metal creature, cooing at it like it was a newborn cub instead of a small idiot beast that had gotten itself stuck on the edge of the rotten rug. His beloved crouched down and gently freed it, patting its shiny top.

Mobei-Jun’s eyebrow twitched.

The competition for affection was real, and stupider than his left testicle.

However, it was perfect. If Qinghua was distracted coddling the idiot machine, he wouldn’t notice one demon lord slipping quietly out.

Mobei-Jun stalked to the door, hand closing around the flimsy handle.

It squeaked.

Of course it fucking squeaked, he'd need to fix that.

Qinghua perked up immediately. “Dawang? Are you—are you going somewhere?”

He forced out a grunt that could be interpreted as I’m not doing anything suspicious, then stepped outside before Qinghua could ask more questions or—heaven forbid—offer to come with him.

Thankfully, Qinghua elected to woefully wait by the door when his husband decided he was finished with ‘exploring’.

The hallway outside smelled like mildew, broken dreams, and many generations of bad decisions. His lip curled in disgust.

The walls were so thin he could probably breathe too hard and cause structural damage to the entire shitty place.

He approved of this.

It meant the landlord was weak.

The System chimed in his ear.

[User has entered Enemy Territory! (ノ°▽°)ノ]

“Stop narrating.” His voice was a low growl.

[...(≥Д≤)]

A glowing arrow appeared in the air, pointing toward a set of stairs. Mobei-Jun nodded once in approval before he descended them, each step creaking like it feared him—which it should, since he was roaming around murderously.

Halfway down, a door opened and an elderly human poked his head out.

Mobei-Jun glared.

The human stared back before making a faint squeaking noise, turned pale, and shut the door so fast the frame rattled. Mobei-Jun caught a slight whisper, “Welcome, new tenant…”

Good. Word of his arrival would spread.

He reached the bottom floor, following the System’s pulsing arrow until he stood before a peeling door with a plastic sign that read, ‘MANAGEMENT OFFICE: PLEASE KNOCK’.

He did not bother to knock, instead preferring to kick the door open with such force that the hinges screamed in anguish. Papers flew in all directions, and a mug of coffee leapt off a desk. Something scuttled under a filing cabinet.

Inside sat a man with short and sharp hair, a polished yellow shirt, and the aura of someone extremely fake.

He opened his mouth, the hat on his head obscuring his face just enough that Mobei-Jun couldn't see him properly.

Mobei-Jun did not let him speak.

“You,” he declared, “are the landlord.”

The man blinked. “Uh—yes? And who exactly—?”

Mobei-Jun leaned forward, eyes gleaming.

“This one is the husband of your tenant.”

The landlord swallowed. “Well. If she has any complaints, she can fill out a form, or we can —”

“HE lives,” Mobei-Jun said, “in filth.”

The man sputtered. “W-well the rent reflects—”

“The rent reflects your greed,” Mobei-Jun said flatly. “And your failure.”

The landlord’s voice pitched up nervously. “I—I follow all legal standards—”

“Then your legal standards are insufficient.”

The lights flickered.

The room temperature dropped three degrees. Mobei-Jun reached out…and picked up a very sad, very fraying lease contract from the desk.

“This,” he said, glaring down at it, “ends now.”

The landlord stared at him, mouth hanging open like a fish. Mobei-Jun cracked his knuckles.

The System chimed brightly, flickering into his view.

[User has initiated optional quest! (≧ω≦) ‘Renegotiate the Lease…With Power!’]

He took a step forward, and the landlord fainted.

Just…collapsed like a puppet whose strings had been cut. Mobei-Jun stared down at him, unimpressed.

“Pathetic.”

He grabbed the fainted man by the collar, lifted him effortlessly with one hand, and began dragging him toward the hallway.

Time to…negotiate, as Junshang says.

—

The unconscious lump of mortal flesh dangled from Mobei-Jun’s hand like a disgraced chicken. He hauled it out into the hallway, intending to interrogate it somewhere with fewer loose wires and more room to throw a body. But as he stepped into the dingy fluorescent light, the landlord’s head lolled back, the combover slipping out of place…

And Mobei-Jun froze.

No.

No…

That face—those beady, calculating little eyes, that smug beak-like nose, that punchable smirk struggling to reform even while unconscious-

It couldn’t be.

But it was.

“…Huanhua Palace Master?”

The name nearly stuck in his throat like poison.

The landlord let out a weak groan, clearly too human, too pathetic—but the resemblance was unmistakable. Not perfect, but close enough that old fury stirred in the pit of his stomach like a waking beast.

He fucking hated this thing.

The System chimed cheerfully.

[User Recognition Detected! (๑>◡<๑)
Note—Characters may undergo slight physical alterations when transferred to new worlds!]

Mobei-Jun felt a headache forming.

“Explain.”

[This world calibrates appearances for consistency, privacy, and plot reasons! ☆ ～(^▽^人)]

“Plot,” Mobei-Jun repeated flatly, as if tasting a particularly rotten vegetable.

[Yes! (๑˃ᴗ˂)ﻭ Some individuals from User’s home world may be reshaped to blend in better!]

He looked down at the landlord/Huanhua bastard in his grasp.

“So this is him.”

[Probability: 87%!]

Of course it was.

Of course Qinghua’s world would find a way to recreate Mobei-Jun’s second least favourite creature, slap a polo shirt on him, and make him control rent.

Old grudges rose like black flames.

This man—this parasite—had been the main cause of the torture Mobei-Jun experienced as a small child, when Linguang-Jun had thrown him into the throes of Huanhua Palace.

And now he dared to own the building his husband lived in.

Unacceptable.

The landlord stirred. “Uuuuh… I…who? Why are you—”

Mobei-Jun dropped him.

The man hit the linoleum with a graceless “Oof,” hat flying.

He looked up, and went pale as a sheet. “Y-you…you—why are you so tall!?”

Mobei-Jun summoned ice to his palms.

Modern world or not—magic or not—his power answered him like a loyal hound.

Frost crept across the floor.

The landlord scrambled backward, squeaking like a cornered mouse. “W-wait! Tenant complaints can be filed online! P-please don’t—don’t—!”

“You,” Mobei-Jun said, voice low with ancient fury, “overcharged this one’s husband.”

The lights flickered.

“You allowed mold to grow in his walls.”

Frost crystallized along the baseboards.

“You made him scrub stains from a carpet older than your shame.”

A shard of ice formed in Mobei-Jun’s hand.

“And worst of all,” he stepped forward, looming over the Huanhua Palace Master, “you exist.”

The landlord screamed.

It was cut short as ice exploded from the floor, sealing around him with the speed of a striking serpent. In seconds, he was encased from shoulders to boots in a towering block of gleaming blue crystal, frozen in a half-standing, half-sitting posture of pure, pathetic terror.

Only his eyes remained unfrozen.

They darted wildly in all directions.

Mobei-Jun dusted off his hands.

“Huanhua Palace Master,” he said coolly, “you should feel honored. This Lord spared you.”

The frozen man made a muffled sound of protest.

Mobei-Jun ignored it. He scooped the brick up and delivered it right back to it's office, adjusting the ice block with one foot so it stood upright, perfectly centered against the peeling wallpaper like a particularly grim decoration.

The System chimed brightly.

[User has completed optional quest! o(≧▽≦)o ‘Renegotiate the Lease… With Power!’ has been successfully resolved!

Reward: +20Bpoints! User competed main quest, ‘Domestic Stability’ 100%. Reward: 50Bpoints! 430Bpoints in total.]

He turned away, satisfied with his total.

Now all he needed to do was get back upstairs before Qinghua noticed he was gone for too long.

Which meant…behind him, the frozen landlord let out a tiny cracking noise.

Mobei-Jun didn’t even glance back.

“If you thaw,” he said coldly, “I will refreeze you.”

Silence.

Good.

He vanished up the stairs, leaving one (slightly modified) Old Palace Master preserved like a villainous popsicle in the hallway.

—

Mobei-Jun’s day was practically done now, or so he thought.

Shang Qinghua had received a ‘chunk’ of money from one of his ‘fans’, who was asking for a chapter featuring number 278?? Whatever that meant. His husband had jumped for joy at the money, clutching his glowing brick like a mother would clutch her child.

“Dawang, Dawang! This is enough money to buy food for the week, and maybe I can even buy an extra snack!” Qinghua rushed out of the room after saying he would get his shoes—leaving Mobei-Jun to search around for something to shove his huge feet into.

Wait a minute.

Does Qinghua…not usually have enough money to eat? That would explain why his cupboards and cold box are empty, and why his house is so shit.

Does Qinghua not have a job?

Mobei-Jun swallowed with a strange amount of fear—fear about how much his precious one had suffered before coming to their worl—his world.

Shang Qinghua, as Mobei-Jun knew him, had been raised in what he assumed was a good family, before entering An Ding Peak and later becoming its lord.

Hmmm…he would investigate this later.

His beloved returned with scruffy weird looking shoes, handing a pair of flat ones to Mobei-Jun. They were quite large—big enough for his own feet.

“Ahh, I should thank Baba for forgetting his shoes here, wouldn't want you to get arrested!” Shang Qinghua smacked Mobei-Jun’s bicep, grinning at the loud sound.

“You must be hungry, we can go to the little market open today.”

Mobei-Jun just grunted, holding back a small smile at his husband’s clear joy.

This market was good, and Mobei-Jun liked good things.

However his mood dampened when he smelt the air outside.

“What…what is this? Why is there smoke in the air?” He scowled, yanking Qinghua into his chest to hide the smaller man's face from the air.

This obviously wasn't safe! It was making Mobei-Jun’s eyes water and his lungs strain—so Qinghua’s weaker body would falter easily.

‘Is there poison in the air?’

He realized why Qinghua must spend all his time inside, his world is poisonous!

Qinghua unlatched his face from it's familiar position back against the Tits™ and turned around.

“Dawang, it's okay! You get used to it after a while ahaha…”

Is Qinghua okay?? This air must be slowly killing him!

Mobei-Jun stared at Qinghua like the man had just calmly announced, “Yes, my water is full of mercury, I drink it daily.”

“You…” he said slowly, “are used to poison?”

“It’s not poison, Dawang, it’s just…y’know…air pollution! Everyone deals with it.”

Everyone deals with it?

Everyone.

Deals.

With it…

Mobei-Jun looked out across the street at a passing group of humans. The wind blew another grey wave of smog into their faces. One of them inhaled deeply, like they enjoyed it.

“…Humans are insane,” he muttered.

Qinghua laughed and patted his chest, which only made Mobei-Jun more certain that prolonged exposure had damaged his husband’s decision-making abilities.

He tightened his hold on Qinghua's waist.

"No."

"No?" Qinghua mused.

"No," Mobei-Jun said firmly. "You do not 'deal' with poison. You avoid poison. You eliminate poison. You move your sect to a stronger mountain and let the enemies choke on the fumes below."

"This isn't a sect," Qinghua wheezed, "this is literally just downtown!"

Mobei-Jun ignored him entirely. He swept his gaze over the open street—cars, people, smog, cheap signage, badly constructed roofs, suspicious people shoving white stuff up their noses—and his jaw clenched with rising fury.

"This world wishes to harm you," he declared darkly.

Qinghua blinked up at him. "No, it—"

"It does," he insisted. "It covers the sky with filth and feeds you demons from the walls—"

"Mold." Qinghua corrected.

"And it forces you to trade your stories for money so you may eat!" His voice almost cracked with outrage.

"This world is unworthy of you."

Qinghua, who had absolutely not asked for this dramatic analysis, simply made a strangled little giggle, surprised his husband cared so much.

Mobei-Jun cupped his husband's cheeks, forcing him to look directly at him.

"You will not breathe this air."

"Dawang, I physically have to breathe something-"

He lifted Qinghua straight off the ground.

"Dawang—DAWANG!!"

"We return inside," Mobei-Jun commanded, already striding back toward the cursed apartment building.

"You will not perish because your world is full of poison and incompetence."

Qinghua was kicking his feet helplessly. "But—I need groceries—!"

"Then this Lord will obtain them."

Shang Qinghua snorted. “You don’t know how to shop.”

“I will learn.” Mobei-Jun narrowed his eyes at the distant market stalls as if challenging them to try and defeat him. “I have conquered worse.”

“You once stabbed a merchant because he said haggling was normal—”

“He was lying to me. And his prices were offensive.”

“You threw him into a pond!”

“He survived,” Mobei-Jun said dismissively.

“After being revived by cultivators!”

Mobei-Jun stopped in front of the building’s door, still holding Qinghua like a distressed cat.

“Your wellness,” he said gravely, “is this Lord’s priority.”

Qinghua melted just a bit. “...Okay, well, that part is really sweet, Dawang, but I still need dinner.”

“I will hunt.”

“We don't have guns, Dawang.”

“The cat next door looked tasty,” He said ominously, ignoring whatever the word “gun” meant. It was powerful, obviously, as its name suggested.

(Author was too lazy to make footnotes, please see end note for context >•<)

“DAWANG.”

Mobei-Jun finally set him down, though he kept one large hand on Qinghua’s back like the air might suddenly attack him.

“It is decided. You return inside. I will secure food, supplies, and a powerful.”

“A gun??? For what?!”

Mobei-Jun’s gaze swept the horizon again.

Shang Qinghua took the opportunity to cling to his king’s arm and slightly beg for a chance to retrieve sustenance for the week.

“Dawang, we still have to go to the market!”

And…he had missed the market. Between crap food, writing porn, and not seeing the sun for days, he rarely had a chance to buy good food. However, on Saturdays when he had earned enough money to head down to the produce market—the aunties would always give him a few extra things. It was kind.

It was a break from the scolding of his father over bills, his mother's occasional email asking him to sign the papers for her to remove herself from his official documents, and the glare of an empty bank account.

He had been gone for so long.

Mobei-Jun glanced impassively at his face before grunting in weird agreement. Over the past few years, he had talked more and more, using his voice instead of pure grunts or cold facial expressions. Shang Qinghua was proud of him.

Now, it seemed he disliked the air so much that he was unwilling to open his mouth lest he breathe a bit in.

Qinghua smiled at his husband, ripping off a spare cloth from his shirt and tying it nearly around Mobei-Jun's face.

—

The makeshift cloth mask tied around Mobei-Jun's face made him look like either a bandit, a warlord in disguise, or a man deeply offended by the concept of polluted oxygen in HIS airspace.

Qinghua tugged him along the sidewalk. "Dawang, don't glare at people, they'll be scared."

Mobei-Jun just gave another grouchy grunt.

They approached the little Saturday market, sprawling through the street as the only bit of pure light in this dull place. The area where Shang Qinghua specifically lives appears to be far worse than other areas. That would change.

Multiple stalls lined the wide street, bright tarps fluttering in the now clearer breeze. Aunties chatted, plastic bags rattled, and fresh produce gleamed in the sunlight.

Mobei-Jun slowed down suspiciously, scanning every stall like he expected hidden assassins beneath the cabbages, clearly still affected by the System's scheming greedy ways.

Qinghua squeezed his hand. "Relax, this place is safe."

"Hmpf…"

"Please don't accuse the aunties of attempted murder or anything—they're very sweet."

They stepped into the lively crowd.

Instantly, five aunties noticed Qinghua.

"Aiyah Xiao-Tiao, you're alive this week!"

"Come, come, try this plum—look at you, you're too skinny!"

“Is this your cousin? He’s big.”

Qinghua beamed shyly. “Auntie, this is—”

“Husband,” Mobei-Jun said.

Every auntie paused.

About ten heads turned toward the towering, masked demon lord.

Five pairs of eyes widened.

“Oh he’s so handsome.”

“What a strong one, look at those arms!”

“Come, husband, carry these potatoes.”

“Ahh! I wish I could've stolen him for my daughter first—even with the mask, he's so handsome looking!”

“Xiao-Tiao, I didn't know you could be this lucky!”

“What’s your secret child, tell us old ladies.”

They piled two kilos of potatoes into his hands before he could object. Mobei-Jun held the bag with the same expression one might hold a newly presented sacrificial offering, obviously hiding a small smile under his mask.

Qinghua snickered before their hands came out to him. Auntie Wang pinched his cheek. “You picked well,” she turned to Mobei-Jun, “treat him good, child.”

Mobei-Jun straightened, suddenly and strangely thriving under this attention.

“Your approval is noted, are you his family members?”

The aunties cooed.

“You could consider us family! I'll be your mother in law, I make excellent soup—”

“Don't listen to the old bat, I make the best dumplings!” Another chimed, giggling as the others jokingly argued.

“I babysat Xiao-Tiao when he was just a little baby, such a cute thing too~ shame he never grew out of his baby face.”

“Auntie!” Qinghua wailed, stuffing seeds into his mouth as his bag magically filled up again.

Mobei-Jun just watched, stunned at how all these women swarmed his beloved.

Shang Qinghua soon said goodbye to them, promising to eat properly and come back to visit soon.

They moved along, gathering vegetables, fruit, and a cheap bag of rice. Mobei-Jun loomed behind Qinghua like a bodyguard, carrying everything with one arm because he refused to make multiple trips.

‘Ahh, my love I'm so proud of you! Already learning from this great master, never make a second trip!’ The humble hamster thought.

Qinghua reached toward a basket of apples.

Mobei-Jun swatted his hand away.

“Dawang, I just—”

“I will test them first.”

He picked one up, sniffed it critically, then bit it in half. He chewed slowly, eyes shut tight.

“Acceptable.”

Qinghua gently reclaimed the apple before Mobei-Jun could interrogate it further.

“Qinghua.”

“Hmm?”

“Why did the Elders call you ‘Xiao-Tiao’?”

Shang Qinghua chucked more seeds into his mouth, smiling as if looking back on a fond memory.

“Little noodle. When I first started coming to this market as a kid—I thought everything was free and devoured a bowl of noodles. My dad was mortified, but all the ladies just laughed and offered me more.”

Mobei-Jun once again latched on to the small bit of info about his beloved’s life.

‘Foul creature.’

[System is here!]

‘Place this in my memory.’

[Done! That will be 15Bpoints!]

Mobei-Jun resisted the urge to body slam the system into the nearest table.

“Haha—thats how I ended up with the nickname.”

“Xiao-Tiao…”

They turned a corner and Qinghua suddenly froze.

‘Wait a fucking minute.’ He thought.

There was a man standing in what most people would assume was cosplay, clutching a sword and speaking to an eccentric young woman fangirling over his face.

He had a beautiful one, clear and cold features with a single beauty mark highlighting his eye.

“—Is Gege lost? This one would be glad to show Gege around—”

“Liu-Shidi!?”

The man looked up instantly, relief flooding his sharp face.

Mobei-Jun and Liu Qingge met each other eyes, and the Peak Lord grasped Shang Qinghua by the shoulders.

“Where…”

Mobei-Jun resisted the urge to shove the other man off.

“Where is Shen Qingqiu?”

Gulp.

[Double Date mission expanded! ‘Is this a party?’ Complete mission of finding others in order to return to original world!]

Bigger gulp.

Chapter End Notes

Mobei-Jun: 1
Huanhua Palace Master: 0

Modern pollution: 1
Mobei-Jun: 0

Ahh we meet the aunties! With a little slight bit of backstory from the hamster...

Everyone is very happy about the new modern art piece in Mr Huanhua's office

Author is from New Zealand and so wanted to put iceblock but put popsicle instead geolp

Also 'gun' in Mandarin is qiang, which can also mean powerful, so Mobei-Jun assumes Qinghua is talking about a weapon, he just doesn't know which one lolll

Hope you enjoyed!

Chapter 5: Willy Rodriguez Was Taken

Chapter Summary

Computer go boom

Chapter Notes

Istg the glitchy end notes better GETOUTTTT

CW: kissing and uhhhhhh mention of porn lalalala

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Liu-Shidi—how did you get here!?”

Liu Qingge released Shang Qinghua from the death grip and went back to his normal dark expression.

“I was dragging a beast to Shen-Shixiong’s house when a bright light appeared and I found myself in this strange place.”

Rarely did Liu Qingge speak so hurriedly.

Shang Qinghua gulped, “Haha…did a strange glowing box speak to you?”

“Why?” Liu Qingge frowned.

“It's the thing that knows where Cuc—Shen-Shixiong is.”

Liu Qingge immediately yanked out Cheng Luan as if preparing for an unseen attacker.

“I knew it, It lied to me!” He yelled, brandishing his weapon with great vigor.

‘Great Master Liu—I swear I made you smarter than this! Please put down your sword and stop risking embarrassment!’ Qinghua wanted to shove more seeds in his mouth and hurriedly escape, hoping his husband could catch up.

This hamster would rather be a free man!

“AH- Shidi please put down the sword, mortals in this world have no idea what cultivation is!”

Liu Qingge reluctantly lowered Cheng Luan, his cold gaze sweeping over Mobei-Jun briefly before returning to his martial brother.

“Shang Qinghua, you look too different. What are you both wearing?” His face was contorted in slight disgust, and Qinghua realized it was because of the fewer layers.

Sigh! Why did his past self have to make it so accurately xianxia themed?

“Remember Shidi,” the An Ding Peak Lord sighed exasperatedly, “this is a very different world than what you're used to.”

Liu Qingge coughed quietly into his palm, obviously affected by the air but choosing to hide it.

Shang Qinghua wordlessly offered him a scrap of fabric to tie around his mouth.

Mobei-Jun had remained quiet the entire time, only allowing his gaze to wander to Shang Qinghua before returning to staring off into the distance.

“Shidi, in order to find Shen-Shixiong, we have to return to my house here.”

Liu Qingge just grunted roughly and began to follow the two with their strange clothes and strange food.

Even Mobei-Jun acted as if he had been here for longer than a local!

—

Liu Qingge returned to Shang Qinghua’s house like a man being dragged into purgatory. He stepped through the doorway and sniffed indignantly.

“This is where you live?” he asked.

Shang Qinghua threw his hands up. “It’s called minimalism, alright? Some of us don’t live in palaces or caves made of ice.”

Mobei-Jun’s eyes slid across the room, unimpressed. “This one's palace is Qinghua’s favoured place.”

Liu Qingge wrinkled his nose, “It's so dirty.”

“Oh my—okay, noted! Everyone hates my house! Can we move on?!”

Before either of them could insult his decor further, Liu Qingge snapped, “Where is Shen Qingqiu?”

“We’re trying to figure that out, oh dearest Shidi, give me a—wait.” Qinghua froze and he jumped slightly.

A spark went off in his brain. “Oh. Ohhh. I’m a genius.”

“You are?” Liu Qingge mumbled.

Qinghua didn’t bother answering. He bolted for his room. The other two followed instantly, hot on his heels.

He slammed into his chair, smacking at the old screen till it whirred to life.

[User! Would User like to focus on ‘Is this a party’ mission—]

“Not now,” Qinghua muttered. “Unless you want to help, which—no, you don’t, you liar.”

“What is that?” Liu Qingge demanded, pointing at the screen as if it might explode.

“My lifeline…my tormentor…my…look, long story.” Qinghua waved it off and scrolled down to his latest uploaded chapter of PIDW.

Before he had transmigrated, if he were to wrack his memory properly, he had just posted the final chapter of Proud Immortal Demon Way a day prior to his death.

Meaning, if he had technically ‘died’ around three days ago, Mr Cucumber would still be freshly among the comments.

Behind him, two powerful cultivators leaned in like confused uncles trying to decipher a youth’s new post.

Shang Qinghua froze mid-scroll.

The comments section was a war crime! He had been so focused on the first sentence that he hadn't read the rest!

Peerless Cucumber was roasting him alive! Viciously, and worst of all…accurately!

Qinghua let out a sound between a laugh and sob. “Cucumber bro—I could kiss you right now, I missed your comments!”

Sudden cold radiated from behind him.

He turned. Mobei-Jun’s expression wasn’t stormy, but it was that eerie stillness that preceded a blizzard.

Qinghua flailed, “No! No no no—it’s just an expression! I’m not kissing anyone but you—wait, that sounded—I just mean I’m not—look, don’t freeze me.”

Liu Qingge cut in, voice rising. “What is this!? What does this mean?”

“Why are people insulting you?” Mobei-Jun-Jun’s eyes narrowed.

Qinghua typed furiously. “Haha—its just one person. We can message him. And then we wait for him to hopefully drop his location like a mouse in a trap.”

“Is this Shen Qingqiu?” Liu Qingge asked hopefully.

Qinghua grunted a yes.

“Will the glowing box come back and tell me where he is?”

“Depends on its mood.”

Liu Qingge’s fingers twitched towards Cheng Luan, “What if I make it tell me.”

“Ahahaha I wouldn't recommend that…it can be quite manipulative!” Shang Qinghua felt a sudden surge of panic and weird protection of the System. Obviously to save his own ass, since the bastard thing is greedier than the biggest corporations on Earth.

“Butofcourseifyoufeellikeitgoahead!”

‘Liu-Dage, I'm trying to defend you from the evil evil bastard system—you could at least pretend to appreciate this one’s attempts!”

The three of them stared at the screen silently as Qinghua typed a desperate SOS message to Cucumber-Bro

Then the An Ding Peak Lord’s stomach growled violently.

Liu Qingge glared. “Do you not have food?”

“No,” Qinghua said gravely. “I spent my money on gacha rolls last week.”

“The…’rent’ money?” Mobei-Jun asked.

“Spent that on gacha too.”

The Wi-Fi flickered again.

Liu Qingge stepped back as if horrified. “This world is a wasteland.”

“Okay! We’re going to get food,” Qinghua announced, grabbing his tattered wallet. “You need a disguise.” He jabbed a finger at Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge frowned. “I am disguised.”

He was wearing a jacket Qinghua had thrown at him earlier…and his sword. Just strapped to his side. Like a normal Tuesday accessory.

“No one carries a sword here,” Qinghua said gently, as if placating a little toddler.

“They should,” Liu Qingge replied.

Shang Qinghua, not wanting to waste time, begged one of the sketchy neighbors to let him borrow their car.

It was probably due to the very intimidating men standing behind Qinghua, but the guy agreed.

They piled into the very suspiciously vibrating car. Mobei-Jun, tall as he was, took up nearly the entire back seat and stared holes into the sides. Liu Qingge sat stiffly, refusing to trust the "mechanical beast."

"What is this?"

"A car, Dawang, it transports people without releasing too much inner energy or warmth so to say."

Liu Qingge was eventually coaxed into the front seat, but refused to stop sticking his head out the window.

Shang Qinghua stepped on the gas pedal, ignoring the shouts of "Xiao-Feifei" coming from the goons on the corner of the sketchy block.

Suddenly finding themselves rapidly propelling forward, Liu Qingge grabbed onto the door handle, and Mobei-Jun looked around slightly approvingly.

He wanted one of these.

They arrived at a fast-food joint, Qinghua convincing the two to awkwardly wait outside for him to order food.

Countless people pointed and stared at both Liu Qingge's looks and sword, while others seemed afraid of Mobei-Jun's intimidating appearance.

Suddenly, from across the roads filled with mechanical beasts, they heard multiple shouts.

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING!" A string of curses found their way into Mobei-Jun's ears, and he turned to the scene.

An averagely tall and slightly disheveled looking man was making their way towards them.

His hands were clasped behind his back, fully showing off the clean beige robes flowing behind him. He would've looked majestic if it weren't for the confusion and slight fear on his face.

After all, this person was far more suited for death or blood—not huge cars and screaming people with strange clothes on.

Long brown hair half tied up into a neat bun—paired with a handsome face and slim physique, this person had a kind and stable appearance.

Brother Mu!

The Qian Cao Peak Lord turned, saw them, and went utterly, horribly pale with relief.

"Shidi…? And…Mobei-Jun?"

Oh thank gosh! Our savior!

“None of you are injured?” He scanned Liu Qingge for any injuries, deeming him okay.

“No.” His martial brother grunted, doing the same scanning move briefly. Mobei-Jun was once again impressed by the strange way Cang Qiong cared for their own, regardless of how old they are.

Liu Qingge bowed respectfully, the two sharing a few words before their Shixiong gingerly sat down next to the cigarette stubs.

“Now,” he smiled, “I’m going to assume that you're Shang-Shixiong with a different appearance.”

Qinghua nodded, setting down the bag of food and reaching in to dig for his burger.

“Is this place…familiar to Shixiong?” Mu Qingfang asked.

“Yes, Mu-Shidi—this place is something I recognize.”

Mu Qingfang looked happy with that answer, accepting the paper-wrapped burger along with a few fries. Mobei-Jun just stayed silent, absentmindedly chewing on a scrap of lettuce.

Before Mu Qingfang could open his mouth again, he spotted the things that had attached themselves to his expensive robes. A fat chunk of bird shit.

It was then that Mobei-Jun decided to pick up a chicken nugget like it had the possibility of being poisonous. “This… is food?”

“Yes,” Qinghua said. “Welcome to the modern world.”

Mu Qingfang hummed, “Modern…interesting. Shixiong is familiar with everything in this world? Including the strange metal beasts?”

He glanced up and down at the clothes all three were wearing, seemingly understanding the dress code here.

“Am I particularly out of place?”

Shang Qinghua scratched his chin, “Nah, you just look like a cosplayer—someone who's dressing up—the only reason Dawang and Liu-Shidi stick out is because of their hair.”

He swallowed a chunk of his burger.

“It's more common to have cut hair in this world.”

Mu Qingfang’s eyebrows raised with curiosity. After all, hair should only be cut if one was a criminal, in deep mourning, or entering a monastery.

To his left, Liu Qingge devoured a burger in three large bites.

“Well, do you know if anyone else we're familiar with is in this world?”

This time, Mobei-Jun grunted a cold answer.

“Shen Qingqiu.”

Mu Qingfang nodded, and Shang Qinghua suddenly had a thought appear in his head.

‘System.’

[System is here to help!]

‘How did Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang get here…?’

[Answering User’s question: Character Mu Qingfang and Character Liu Qingge were pulled in by influence from the A.D.M.I.N >•<]

‘I’m gonna have a fucking breakdown who the hell is Admin?? Are they a manager?? Am I Karen??’

“Shang-Shixiong!” “Oi!” “Shixiong?”

“Qinghua.”

A hand on his shoulder brought him out of his thoughts, and Shang Qinghua smiled warmly up at his slightly concerned husband.

“Shixiong, Liu-Shidi said you have a residence we can make plans at, is that alright with you?” Mu Qingfang slyly felt his wrist, obviously looking to see if there were any imperfections in his pulse.

Shang Qinghua just nodded before signalling to the waiter to clean up their food.

Mobei-Jun silently walked a few places away from the other three, ignoring their conversation about where Shen Qingqiu could possibly be.

See, he had noticed before the state of the metal beast his husband had borrowed. He didn't like it.

There were many other beasts, but few differed from the others. He wanted one that was of the highest quality.

And so he walked up to a young man leaning against an expensive looking beast.

The youth had longer hair than usual, hanging in a high ponytail with a red ribbon. His face was attractive and grinning, his eyes silvery and bright.

“...”

The youth looked up at him, “Woahh,” he whistled, “You're pretty tall! Anything I can help you with brother?”

Mobei-Jun narrowed his eyes in determination.

“Where do I get one of those?” He pointed at the beast the boy was leaning against.

“Haha—this is my boyfriend’s car, he got it at the Aston Martin Beijing dealership!” He smiled, tapping the beast like it was a fond friend. “His uncle bought it for him as a present—strange since the dude is a bit of an ass.”

“Mhm…” He nodded, and the guy raised his eyebrows.

“Say, what's your name? You've got pretty impressively long hair for a dude not much older than me, have you ever cut it?”

Mobei-Jun contemplated just walking away, but he was in a good mood today so he answered.

“Mobei…” He wisely left out the title honorific.

“That's a cool name! I’m Wei Ying, the scary dude behind you is my boyfriend Lan Zhan.” He waved excitedly, and the icy looking man dressed in blue approached. He and Mobei-Jun squared each other up, and Mobei-Jun nodded once before wandering back to his husband.

Wei Ying shouted a quick goodbye before sliding into the expensive metal beast.

Mobei-Jun contemplated for a few seconds before grinning slightly—making poor Mu Qingfang sigh in exasperation. It's clear the poor healer was expecting a dead body at his doorstep before they had even reached dinnertime.

Shang Qinghua squeaked (still a mouse at heart) and then ran his hands over Mobei-Jun’s bicep.

“Dawang! We need to circle back to this one’s house to find Cu—Shen-Shixiong…”

Mobei-Jun nodded and then turned before coming to a sudden stop. He swiveled back around and bent slightly, scooping Shang Qinghua into his arms like a prince with his princess.

Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang stifled their shared grimaces at the blatant dogfood that was being shovelled down their throats.

“What an…effective…way of transporting Shang-Shixiong.” The healer muttered, massaging his forehead with great resignation.

Liu Qingge would've preferred to examine and maybe jab at the fat metal beasts perusing the area, but realized that would take up the time he could instead use to find Shen Qingqiu.

A shame.

He would stab them later.

Shang Qinghua spluttered in his husband's arms as the strange group of people trounced across the street and back towards his pitiful apartment.

—

Shang Qinghua let everyone in, swearing briefly when his card refused to scan properly. Damn thing. Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge cautiously ascended the narrow stairs, marvelling at the strange photos on the walls and the blinking lights above them.

However, as soon as Qinghua made to follow them, he was suddenly yanked back into the arms of someone pretty buff (in his esteemed standards.)

Mobei-Jun gripped his chin and leaned down, pressing their lips together. Shang Qinghua smiled against the cold mouth, hoping his shidi's wouldn't turn back down the hallway towards them. Mu Qingfang wouldn't care too much—but Liu Qingge is already apparently fed too much dogfood by his protagonist son and Cucumber-Bro.

Mobei-Jun finished his brief suffocation-romantic makeout session and then let Shang Qinghua go. The mouse of a man stumbled backwards, gasping for air as he giggled.

"Dawang is prettyyy intense today, eh?" He grinned, turning around to see that Mobei-Jun was gone.

He stood there speechless for a few minutes before lighting a candle in his heart for his poor un-modernized husband and then running down the hallway to let his martial brothers in.

"Here it is…!" He stepped to the side, allowing the still eager Mu Qingfang and mildly disgusted Liu Qingge enter.

Mu Qingfang stood in the doorway like a man staring into the aftermath of a natural disaster.

"No," he whispered. "No, absolutely not. Shang-Shixiong, you are living in this? This?"

Shang Qinghua opened his mouth, but the sound that came out was something between a sob and a croak. "Minimalism!" He cried miserably, attempting to defend his pitiful 'house.'

Mu Qingfang bent down and picked something off the floor with two fingers. "This is a fossilized piece of…food, I believe."

Liu Qingge, meanwhile, crouched in hunting stance, tracking something under a stack of newspapers.

"There is movement," he muttered darkly.

Shang Qinghua blanched, "No—Shidi, no, no, you don't have to—it's eggs!"

A roach the size of a fun-sized Snickers bar darted out, and Cheng Luan came down with the force of heavenly retribution.

"Got it."

"YOU GOT MY FLOOR!!" Shang Qinghua wailed.

“I have to pay money to fix the floor, Shidi!”

Mu Qingfang rubbed his temples. “This Mu-Shidi fears no demonic beast,” he murmured, “but this house may genuinely consume my soul.”

Qinghua sighed, “Fine, we can head to the computer and I'll get it working so we can contact Shen-Shixiong.”

That got them moving, Liu Qingge looked up excitedly, and Mu Qingfang moved slightly further away from the suspicious stain on his cheap rug.

There was still a Mobei-Jun shaped dent in the couch.

They crept up the hall to his bedroom, filing in like burglars. Mu Qingfang once again poked and prodded at a few things, producing sounds of disapproval at nearly every (rotten) thing in Qinghua’s room. Meanwhile, Liu Qingge leaned over his Shixiong’s shoulder, peering at the boxy dark screen.

Shang Qinghua smacked the power button like a particularly naughty child. The machine wheezed, sparked, and emitted a faint noise like a dying goose.

Mu Qingfang flinched. “Is it supposed to sound like that? What even is that?”

“No,” Shang Qinghua admitted. “But it always does, it's harmless, don't worry.”

Mu Qingfang was an honest and straightforward person, so he would've mentioned if he had a system. It appears only he, Liu Qingge, and Mobei-Jun had access to it. And Liu-Qingge appeared to have far less access compared to the other two.

Then the screen flickered—Liu Qingge’s instincts kicking in, and the entire thing made one single popping noise like a cheap firework.

A blue spark snapped toward Shang Qinghua’s hand.

Liu Qingge yanked him back by the collar with a yell.

“ARE YOU TRYING TO DIE??”

“I DON’T KNOW! IT NEVER DID THAT BEFORE!” SQH screeched.

Wait a minute…yes it did. When he got electrocuted and died.

Smoke curled lazily from the ruined monitor.

Mu Qingfang immediately dropped to one knee beside it, pressing two fingers to the plastic. “…It’s dead.”

‘Brother Mu, I appreciate your concern—but it fortunately was never alive in the first place.”

Shang Qinghua sank to the floor, clutching his hair.

“My livelihood… my only connection to Cucumber-Bro… gone…! And my phone is still malfunctioning …”

Then his phone buzzed.

A donation notification popped up.
From someone named G0LDEN-H0NEY-69.

Oh nevermind. His written porn addict fans were still sending him money.

He ignored the ten messages from his father. No point listening to scoldings right now.

Shang Qinghua stared for a few moments before hugging his phone tightly.
“…who is funding my freedom! I could marry you!”

The dead machine fizzed lightly as Shang Qinghua stood back up and began tugging out his hair again.

Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge exchanged looks as Shang Qinghua paced the room like a rat having a breakdown.

“He definitely said his surname once,” He muttered, chewing on his sleeve. “I remember it started with an S. Or maybe a Sh? Or maybe a Z, or a D?”

Liu Qingge folded his arms. “Who are you talking about? Names? Wang?”

“No, Shidi, everyone isn’t named Wang—wait nevermind it's the most common surname…”

“Shi?” Mu Qingfang offered politely.

“Shi?” Shang Qinghua repeated. “Shi what? Shi-stress? Shi-shut-up?”

Mu Qingfang held back a sigh, wanting his senior brother to calm down before he passed out from stress.

“Shang-Shixiong… think carefully. Did this person describe his family? A clan? Any ancestors of note?”

“He described having MONEY. Does that count?”

Liu Qingge squinted. “Jiao?”

“No…if he were a Jiao I’d be dead by now for calling him penis behind his back. Shang Qinghua muttered.

Mu Qingfang hummed thoughtfully.
“Shen?” Might as well bring the conversation back to finding Shen-Shixiong rather than this mystery person.

Shang Qinghua froze, then his eyes widened and he shrieked—leaping a full two feet into the air.

“THAT’S IT—THE BASTARD IS A SHEN!!!”

He laughed like a man on too many drugs, a far too evil grin on his face.

Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge took a step back as if he would attack.

“He complained once about having the same surname as the scum villain—down the character. How come my memory is so shit…?” Qinghua sniffled.

“Where is Shen Qingqiu?” Liu Qingge helpfully supplied, bringing Qinghua back to the present.

Focus. They needed to focus…

“PAYPHONE!!!”

—

They sprinted down the street like three escaped zoo animals, well, Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang raced after Shang Qinghua.

The healer's robes billowed tragically behind him, gathering dirt, leaves, and what might have been a stray churro wrapper.

Liu Qingge overtook them both suddenly by three strides, scanning alleyways as if expecting demons to leap out from behind bins.

Shang Qinghua skidded to the grimy payphone and recoiled.
“Ew—someone spit on this.”

Mu Qingfang, steady and serene, produced a handkerchief.

“Allow me.”

Liu Qingge poked the coin slot with his sword hilt. “Does it attack? Do I put my sword in it?”

“It might steal your fifty cents I dunno,” Shang Qinghua muttered, dialing.

It rang, startling his cramped juniors.

Then he was sent straight to the present voicemail stupid Cucumber-Bro’s family had prepared.

“Nope. That’s it. We’re going to the library.”

—

The moment they stepped inside, Mu Qingfang inhaled dramatically.
“This air is…purified, it reminds this one of the Qing Jing library.”

A toddler immediately shrieked somewhere in the back, Liu Qingge scowling in its direction furiously.

Shang Qinghua marched up to a computer and booted it up, the other two crowding round, praying they wouldn't be dragged to a third place.

Shang Qinghua’s lips trembled in joy.

“My god…it responds…instantly…”

Mu Qingfang hovered behind him, studying the machine with a great amount of squinting and chin rubbing.

“And this…all this knowledge is freely available?”

“Yeah,” Shang Qinghua said. “Just don’t click the pop-up ads unless you want viruses.”

Liu Qingge leaned in. “What is a pop-up virus?”

“Something that eats your computer alive.”

Liu Qingge immediately unsheathed his sword.

“Put that away! They'll arrest you!”

His Shidi reluctantly shoved Cheng Luan away, as Mu Qingfang continued inquiring about the virus.

Shang Qinghua logged onto his account—scrolling past the cover page of a naked woman and a very familiar man on top—and clicked on his messages.

He had one.

{what the fuck dude get over here}

Tears welled up in his eyes as he showed the computer off, Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang peering at it.

“It's Shen-Shixiong’s message.”

“Can we find him?”

“Yes, Liu-Shidi.”

Shang Qinghua began furiously typing into the main webpage, searching for the Shen Beijing residence.

It was at the top! These motherfuckers must be filthy rich!

“That's quite a large home…”

“Bastard has money falling out his ass.”

Mu Qingfang stifled a cough at the language, but a small grin still appeared on his face.

Shang Qinghua committed the address to memory before signing out of his account.

“Okay—”

A librarian suddenly hissed behind them,
“Sir! Please move your vehicle off the lawn! There is a designated—”

A thick wad of bills flew into her face, making her splutter and trip. Mu Qingfang quickly caught her elbow before she fell.

Shang Qinghua spun around, and there, gleaming like the world’s most pretentious black log, was a limousine the length of a small dragon.

Liu Qingge unsheathed Cheng Luan.

“That… is a coffin—no a metal beast!”

The driver in a sleek black suit stepped out, bowed to the taller one who had just chucked money everywhere and murmured, “Boss, are the other two coming?”

Shang Qinghua stopped stuffing bills into his shirt and glanced up. He recognized that aura. He made a noise only rodents and An Ding Peak Lord’s make.

“Dawang—what!? How—WHERE DID YOU GET THAT!?”

Mobei-Jun scooped him up like luggage and threw him into the backseat.

“The one named Wei said where to go.”

“LIKE THAT EXPLAINS ANYTHING—!”

The ice demon grunted at Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge, who just shrugged their shoulders and cautiously clambered in.

The inside of the limousine felt like another world, spacious and beautiful.

Qinghua couldn't help but wonder where the hell Mobei-Jun got the money.

“I did not kill anyone.” His husband appeared to read his mind.

‘System is this true…now that I think about it, you've been quiet for a while.’

[System is storing energy for upcoming quests! ‘Back to the future?’ is still n motion! (≧▽≦) Answering user: Yes, Mobei-Jun has not committed murder in modern world.]

Okay you know what, none of his business!

Mu Qingfang took a few sips from a coke can in the fancy cupboards, eyes raising at the taste. He then slipped two more into his qiankun pouch.

Liu Qingge kept a hand tightly clasped around Cheng Luan, wary of this large metal beast.

Shang Qinghua bounced helplessly as the car started speeding up.

“Dawang—how did you—what did you—this costs—this is—”

Mobei-Jun simply strapped him into his seatbelt like a disobedient kitten.

“Qinghua’s house is not adequate. I have bought him a better one.”

Gulp.

Mu Qingfang sat gingerly on the plush leather.

“This is… very soft.”
He poked it cautiously, deeming it good enough.

“Where are the reins?”

The bodyguard frowned in confusion, obviously a modern man.

—

The gates alone could’ve solved Shang Qinghua’s rent for three years. The estate rose before them like a modern sect compound—clean lines, expensive stone, glowing garden lights, and the kind of quiet that suggested hidden professional guards.

Liu Qingge narrowed his eyes.
“This is a sect? Shen Qingqiu is still part of a Sect?”

“…Not really,” Shang Qinghua said. “Just rich people.”

“Then rich people are this sect? Is Shen-Shixiong’s…” he tensed, “family here?”

“Probably.”

Mobei-Jun gave a pleased grunt.
“Qinghua will live in a place like this.

Shang Qinghua tugged desperately at his sleeve.
“No I won’t! Too expensive!”

As the bodyguard slid open the doors, the front doors of this mighty estate also burst open.

A young man with glasses and short—well kept hair—stepped out.

He was followed by someone familiar to all of them, a youth with a flaming red mark on his head and a mess of curls spilling over his shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

Tysm for reading leave me more comments oh starving moshang fans I love reading them 🥹🥹

Okay this was not edited and it is 2am hope y'all enjoy ahahaha cliffhanger…! I love mqf he's my baby
Also Wei Ying cameo wowsers
Gonna see some more characters soon…put your guesses or even suggestions of who you might want added in comments mayhaps <3

(Title comes from a song my gf listens to) Shout out to Ayesha erotica and a can of peach monster for sponsoring this chapter

Chapter 6: Six Parts Gay Four Parts Also Gay

Chapter Summary

[Character page unlocked! +100Bpoints! (≧▽≦)[

Chapter Notes

C.W: Make out scene and wow I know very scary it's Shen Jiu roasting people I'm quivering in my boots gang

(If you see any mistakes no u didn't...)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The man in green had a face six parts Shen Qingqiu and four parts something else, but the resemblance was uncanny. Both had sharp chins and angled green eyes, silken black hair (though this man had typical modern short hair) and a slim body.

Though—if Mu Qingfang were to be honest—this boy was sickly. He was far too thin, his complexion too pale, and his body too frail looking. He looked like he'd blow away from a gust of wind!

Liu Qingge's teeth had already started grinding together when he spotted Luo Binghe, who didn't look any different except for the modern clothing he was draped in.

Shang Qinghua on the other hand…had somehow known that Shen Qingqiu would let him in.

The front doors barely finished opening before Shang Qinghua launched himself forward like a missile.

"CUCUMBER BRO!!"

Shen Qingqiu had exactly enough time to register a familiar shriek and think oh no before he was hit chest-first by a flailing An Ding Peak Lord wrapped in familiar modern clothes and what appeared to be bad life decisions. He honestly didn't look different from 'Peak Lord Shang Qinghua', minus the height and pores.

Shang Qinghua clung to him with the desperation of a man who had crawled through hell, electricity, roaches, and likely public transport. Although, as Shen Qingqiu looked behind the mousey man, he spotted a limo far more than Qinghua could realistically afford.

“I MISSED YOU,” the man wailed. “I DIED—AGAIN—PROBABLY—AND MY LAPTOP EXPLODED—AND YOUR COMMENTS!?”

Shen Qingqiu staggered back two steps, arms automatically coming up to steady him. “What the hell—Airplane?!”

Behind him, Luo Binghe’s expression darkened instantly. He didn't like this Shishu of his.

He spent far too much with his Shizun.

His arms tightened around Shen Yuan’s waist, grip possessive, eyes sharp and furious as they locked onto the familiar man sobbing into his Shizun’s shoulder.

“…Shizun,” Binghe said softly.

The temperature in the entryway dropped a few degrees.

Shang Qinghua sniffed loudly. “He’s glaring at me again, he's not a native here—I am! Why is your disciple glaring at me like he wants to turn me into soup!?”

“Because you just assaulted my Shizun,” Binghe replied pleasantly.

Shen Qingqiu slapped a hand over his husband’s mouth. “Okay—stop. Pause. Everyone stop.”

Shang Qinghua muffled another sob into Shen Qingqiu’s sleeve.

"Binghe, please leave Shang Qinghua alone."

Master Shen dragged him upright by the collar and finally got a proper look at the rest of the…entourage.

Liu Qingge stood rigid near the door, eyes blazing like he was water and the dude was dehydrated. Mu Qingfang hovered slightly behind him, posture calm, expression polite, already cataloguing exits likely. And further back—Mobei-Jun?

Shen Qingqiu’s brain skipped a bit, because
Mobei-Jun stood near the threshold like he owned the place.

"Are you injured?" Liu Qingge grabbed his wrist, gently for the Bai Zhan War God. Luo Binghe bristled, but Shen Qingqiu allowed it. When the man couldn't find any abnormalities, he looked up at his Shixiong's face as if to memorize every bit of it.

Mobei-Jun had one arm around the figure that used to be the slightly taller but pretty much the same Shang Qinghua.

Tailored coat, a bodyguard nearby, far too composed for someone who's only been in the modern world for likely the same amount of time he and Binghe had! Under a week!

Shen Qingqiu stared. “…Why does he look like a CEO?”

Mobei-Jun inclined his head once, politely, “Shen Qingqiu.”

“Okay,” he said hoarsely. “Okay. I’m not asking questions yet.”

He pointed weakly at Shang Qinghua. “You—off.”

Shang Qinghua let go reluctantly, hands sliding down his friend’s arms before he dissolved back into open sobbing into Mobei-Jun’s arms.

“You’re alive,” he said, voice breaking again. “You’re rich, I called it! You didn’t die horribly yet—I’m so proud of you.”

“What the fuck happened to you?” Shen Qingqiu asked, to his martial siblings' surprise. Forget the ‘no more questions’ part.

“Scratch that,” he gestured warmly to Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge, “Liu-Shidi, Mu-Shidi—come in, this one will explain to the best of his ability.”

Behind him, Luo Binghe leaned in, chin resting on Shen Qingqiu’s shoulder, eyes never leaving Shang Qinghua.

“Shizun,” he murmured, smiling thinly. “Why are they here?”

Before Shen Qingqiu could answer, Mobei-Jun lifted one hand in his bodyguard's direction.

“Park the beas—car elsewhere,” he said calmly.

The bodyguard nodded and disappeared.

“How did he even figure out how to get that?” Shen Qingqiu hissed.

Shang Qinghua sniffed. “Long story.”

“It’s been less than five minutes since you got here, and you still haven't stopped crying.” Shen Qingqiu snapped.

“And I’ve lived three lifetimes—well, you've lived four but who cares!” Shang Qinghua shot back, then resumed crying.

“You look like a fucking omega twink from one of the bl novels my sister reads!”

Neither of them noticed the almost silently approaching footsteps.

Shen Qingqiu pressed his palms into his face. “Ge!” he shouted suddenly. “I have friends over! Take Qi-ge somewhere else!” The words sounded like it physically hurt him to say.

Footsteps retreated—mostly. Binghe did not move, instead, he tightened his arms and tucked his face into Shen Qingqiu’s neck, clinging like a demonic limpet.

“I don’t like them, why are they here?" he said quietly.

“I know,” Shen Qingqiu muttered. “I know. But Binghe simply has to deal with it for now.”

“They smell like trouble.”

“Everyone smells like trouble to you.”

“That’s because trouble keeps touching you.”

Shen Qingqiu elbowed him gently. “Go, sit. Be normal please, husband.”

Binghe reluctantly loosened his grip, eyes still sharp as Zheng Yang as Shen Qingqiu ushered everyone further inside.

“Okay,” Shen Qingqiu said, clapping once. “Shoes off, this is my mother’s household. Sit down. No fighting. No swords. No—”

Liu Qingge’s hand twitched, gaze still glancing all around.

“—absolutely no killing,” the young master finished.

Everyone except for Binghe and Shen Qingqiu

The living room filled with an unnatural amount of cultivator presence, modern furniture protesting quietly beneath the weight of other worlds and possibly unresolved tension.

Stink animators, what kind of shit awkwardness is this!

Shen Qingqiu sighed, adopting his usual peak lord smile.

“Let me introduce myself, my name is Shen Yuan, you all know me as Shen Qingqiu.”

Mu Qingfang’s eyebrows raised, “You have a separate birth name in this world?”

“Yes. Because…” he cut himself for a moment, before taking a deep breath.

“Airpla—Shang-Shidi and I experienced our past lives in this world. We remember the majority of it, and so can easily lead lives both here and in the world we all occupy now.”

Everyone's eyes widened, Mobei-Jun's head whirling around to face the shivering Shang Qinghua.

"Qinghua...?"

"Wait, this is confusing," Mu Qingfang looked equal parts concerned and intrigued. "Please explain properly, Shen-Shixiong."

A little white lie doesn't hurt anybody, and it's technically not lying...surely.

"Hm...I am Shen Qingqiu, but I died in this world and was placed into my past life's body. This master has luckily been sent back to this world, but I do apologize for possibly dragging Liu-Shidi and Mu-Shidi into this."

Liu Qingge frowned, “Is that why you changed!?"

“...Yes."

Shang Qinghua tried to look pensive and wise, but to everyone else, he just looked dazed.

A blaring warning spring into Shen Yuan's vision.

Shen Yuan scowled in 'greeting'.

[Reminding User not to reveal true transmigration plot line. User still has unresolved quest, “Back to the future?” To complete.]

“Why can't I reveal it—it won't do anything?” His barrier with the system leaving others just simply seeing a neutral look.

[User is forbidden to reveal information with Character: Mu Qingfang, Character: Liu Qingge, and Character: Mobei-Jun in the room.]

“Bastard, hack, stupid, cheating, piece of shit dumbass system!” He violently cursed.

Liu Qingge, "Is anyone else in this world? And, why were you so different before the deviation?"

‘Fuck—how do I reply to this?”

[Would User like to purchase easy and acceptable answer? Cost: 50Bpoints >•<]

“Only fifty? A bargain! Yes!”

His mouth moved on his own, “No, a ‘family member’ occupied my body until a Qi deviation allowed me to take over. Past lives and fate are a difficult thing to comprehend, Liu-Shidi.” While his answer was…robotic and eerie, his martial brothers nodded understandingly.

‘But…this isn't true, I just transmigrated? System?’

[System is busy. (눈ㅅ눈)]

“Interesting, this explains quite a few things. This Shidi is glad that Shixiong was unharmed from retaining his memories.” Mu Qingfang smiled gently, which Shen Yuan returned

Liu Qingge remained silent, picking at his modern clothing.

"And, this Shidi hopes that when he returns back, Shen-Shixiong will allow him to inform our martial siblings that you are safe here."

Liu Qingge glanced around the large room. "You have family here, right"

Shen Yuan nodded, his face lightening at the mention of family.

He must've missed them when he was gone.

Out of nowhere, Shen Yuan froze. Footsteps began to approach.

“Dude, are you scared of your parents or something? Is a demon coming?” Shang Qinghua whispered.

“No, my brother just hates everything that breathes.”

Measured, unhurried—heavy with intensity.

They did not stop.

A cold voice echoed down the hall, making them all shiver in their seats. This voice…was far too familiar. See, Shen Yuan’s was slightly softer than how it is in Shen Qingqiu's body.

“Didi.”

The air shifted.

“Who,” the voice continued, sharp as shattered glass, “are these delinquents?”

Shen Yuan went rigid.

The man who stepped into the room wore perfectly tailored designer clothing, dark hair neatly styled, a small earring attached to his lobe.

His gaze swept the room once—assessing, dismissive—and stopped pointedly on Shang Qinghua and Liu Qingge.

Not Mu Qingfang, or Mobei-Jun. He seemed to not care about them.

“This house,” the man continued coolly, “is not a shelter.”

Shang Qinghua stopped breathing.

Liu Qingge’s eyes widened a fraction.

Mu Qingfang went rather still.

Mobei-Jun held back a big fat grunt.

The system dinged loudly in Mobei-Jun and Shang Qinghua’s ears.

[Congratulations! Character: ‘Shen Jiu’ unlocked! Second eldest son of the Shen family, age: 23. Skills: Death Glare. (๑•̀ᗜ-)]

“Jiu-ge,” Shen Yuan said, as if not realizing the severity of the situation here, “Fuck off.”

Shen Jiu’s eyebrow twitched. Behind him, another figure emerged.
Gentle steps, another familiar posture, a presence that possibly carried quiet guilt like a

permanent shadow.

Shang Qinghua was technically a writer after all, obviously he would recognize his own characters.

“Yuan-di,” Yue Qingyuan said softly. “What’s going on?”

This man looked exactly like theirs. Not a single difference, except for clothing. Even his hair still hung to his waist, but remained tied in a bun.

Yue Qingyuan’s eyes moved—slowly, carefully—over the room.

Over the familiar faces.

Recognition hit instantly, and his smile froze in face. His breath caught slightly.

“Friends of yours?” he asked gingerly.

“Qi-Ge, tell Jiu-ge to piss off, I don't bother him when he has friends over—why does he get to annoy me?” Shen Yuan grumpily answered, as Binghe silenced everyone with a pointed glare.

“Oh,” Shang Qinghua muttered weakly. “Oh, you’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

Yue Qi stepped forward, placing a hand on Shen Jiu’s shoulder.

Shen Qingqiu? That was Shen Qingqiu! Even more so than the one who said he was Shen Qingqiu!

“You’re—”

“Shut it.”

Yue Qingyuan automatically complied.

Mu Qingfang bowed automatically, hands trembling just slightly. “Zhangme—sir.”

Shen Jiu looked between them, expression darkening. “Whatever. Don't make any messes.”

Shen Jiu did not raise his voice.

Which, unfortunately, made it worse.

“Didi,” he said coolly, folding his arms. “You bring unknown men into the house, one of whom is armed, one of whom looks like he crawled out of a gang war, and one of whom is —” his gaze flicked pointedly to Shang Qinghua, “—behaving like a lunatic.”

Hey, he hasn't even done anything yet!

Shen Yuan rubbed his face. “Ge.”

“You disappear without explanation, reappear with… this,” Shen Jiu gestured vaguely at the room, “and now you think you can brush it off?”

“Okay, okay,” Shen Yuan interrupted quickly, hands raised. “Fine. I’ll listen. I’ll listen to your stupid lecture.”

Shen Jiu’s eye twitched. “You—”

“But,” Shen Yuan continued, talking faster, “only if you promise to go away afterwards. Like. Physically. Remove yourself. From the room.”

Silence.

Liu Qingge watched this exchange like he was witnessing an exotic venomous species argue with its mother.

“…Fine,” Shen Jiu said at last. “Come.”

He turned on his heel and stalked off.

Shen Yuan shot one last look over his shoulder at the others.

“Do not,” he warned quietly, eyes lingering on Luo Binghe in particular, “start a war while I’m gone.”

Binghe smiled sweetly. “Of course not, Shizun.”

Shen Yuan did not believe him for a second as he followed Shen Jiu down the hall.

‘System,” Qinghua thought fearfully, “That's Shen Jiu!’

[User is correct! (≧▽≦) Yippie! Good job! Wow! System is so proud! You got this! Yay! Yes —]

Oh my god.

‘Is the system doing this or something ?’

Shang Qinghua sank onto the couch like a puppet with cut strings.

“Great,” he whispered. “The universe found a way to make this even worse.”

Shang Qinghua began muttering to the three surrounding him. “He doesn't even recognize that that's the sect leader!”

Yue Qingyuan sighed, “What,” he began “are you all doing here?”

Shang Qinghua flinched so hard he nearly slid off the couch.

Liu Qingge crossed his arms. “Glowing box.”

“Glowing box, Zhangmen-Shixiong.” Mu Qingfang answered in unison with Liu Qingge.

“Against our will, Zhangmen-Shixiong.” Shang Qinghua added.

“That does not explain why it specifically put you here,” Yue Qingyuan ran a hand through his hair. “Or how.”

Mobei-Jun tilted his head slightly, studying Yue Qingyuan with open curiosity.

“That one,” he said, voice low, “is Shen Qingqiu.”

His gaze narrowed. “But older. Colder.”

Yue Qingyuan nodded, “I was brought here by the same box. It told me I could see Xiao—Shen-Shidi, and showed me Shen-Shidi prior to his qi deviation. I have been staying with the Shen family for the past few days, although in their heads, I've known them for over a decade.”

The other nodded, mulling over the new information.

"Alongside this, I have gotten aquatinted with Shen-Shidi and Shen Yuan's family. While they occupied the same body, they are two very different people. They also have a third older brother, and a younger sister. Please, do not panic or worry...as it appears Shen Yuan is being prevented from seeing how we are the same as those he knew from our world."

Luo Binghe, meanwhile, scratched the side of his nose, considering Shen Jiu’s already retreated back thoughtfully.

“He’s mean,” Binghe concluded. “But he’s nice to Shizun.”

He shrugged, utterly sincere. “So I don’t care.”

Then, after a pause, more begrudgingly, “He’s Shizun’s brother. I should behave.”

His eyes flicked sideways, dark and dangerous.

“…Even if I want to kick him.”

Shang Qinghua let out a strangled noise. “Please don’t kick the rich one Junshang, we’re guests.”

Yue Qingyuan turned slowly to him. “Shang-Shidi."

Shang Qinghua straightened instinctively. “Yes, Zhangmen-Shixiong!”

“When Xiao-Jiu and I were eavesdropping—checking up on you all, Yuan stated something about a past life. Is this true?”

Shang Qinghua opened his mouth.

Closed it.

Then sighed deeply. “Okay so—”

Before he could continue, an angel descended upon them and saved him from having to explain! Praise whatever was up there!

“Oh! Yuan’er brought friends?”

A warm, elegant voice cut through the tension like a knife through soft silk.

Everyone turned towards the origin of the voice. A woman stood at the doorway, impeccably dressed, expression bright with curiosity and delight. Her gaze swept the room, taking in the unfamiliar faces with joy.

“These must be Yuan’er’s friends,” she said cheerfully. “I’m Qin Xiu, Jiu’er and Yuan’er’s mother. You can call me Qin-Ayi, my dears.”

[Ding! Congratulations! Character page unlocked, Shen Matriarch: ‘Qin Xiu’. Age: 45. Skill: Let's all hold hands! User is rewarded 150Bpoints for unlocking two character pages!]

This was Shen-Shixiong’s mother?

Shang Qinghua raised his eyebrows, this woman is the one who looks just like her sons! She's strikingly beautiful, but she doesn't really look like her kids...maybe they got their dad's genes?

Shang Qinghua shivered, imagining an even older and scarier Shen Jiu, or a nice and well mannered older Shen Yuan.

‘Mama’s boy…’

Mu Qingfang stood so fast his chair scraped loudly. “M-Madam.”

Liu Qingge followed suit, bowing quite nicely. “Madam.” Although it was probably to do with his longtime crush—nevermind.

Shang Qinghua scrambled upright. “Aha—Ayi!”

Qin Xiu blinked, then laughed. “Oh my, how polite. No need to be so formal.”

She waved a hand. “Come, come. The chef prepared too much food again. You’ll all help me get rid of it.”

Shang Qinghua stared at her like she had descended from the heavens.

“A chef?” he echoed weakly.

“Yes,” she replied pleasantly. “Personal.”

That broke the poor twink looking youth, as he almost fell to his knees. His hand wrapped around Mobei-Jun’s muscular arm for support.

“Oh thank god,” he murmured. “Real food.”

Moments later, the table was full. Plates stacked with dishes Shang Qinghua could only describe as obscenely expensive. Liu Qingge ate like he was refueling after battle, while Mu Qingfang tried to maintain decorum and failed by the third bite.

Qin Xiu beamed.

“Eat, eat,” she urged. “You’re all too thin.”

Her gaze landed on Luo Binghe, who stiffened slightly. He had come out of the kitchen, only reluctantly offering to help with cooking a few dishes because Qin Xiu had smiled so happily at him.

He hated cooking for anyone that wasn't his Shizun or Shizun’s family…

“Xiao-Luo,” she said warmly, “Come eat.”

Binghe blinked. “…Yes, Mom.”

Qinghua snickered, it seemed that Qin-Ayi had already convinced Binghe to stay as her precious son in law. Though, any woman would if they saw the food this guy could make!

“Oh how sweet,” she cooed immediately. “Just like Yuan was.”

She pulled out her phone.

“Did you know,” she said happily, scrolling, “that when Yuan was little, he used to cry if his father or brother wasn’t holding his sleeve?”

Binghe smiled softly, immediately sitting down and scooting over to look at her phone.

“Oh yes,” Qin Xiu said, delighted. “Here—look!”

She shoved the phone into his hands.

The photo was damning, Shang Qinghua thought, almost wishing he could snap a pic without being booted out of the big ass house. Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang leaned over his shoulder, both softening at the sight.

A tiny Shen Yuan clinging to a slightly bigger Shen Jiu, whose face was scrunched in his trademark scowl.

Binghe stared happily, drinking in the sight.

Shang Qinghua choked on his food all of a sudden, leaving Mu Qingfang to slap his back.

Liu Qingge looked away, ears red with embarrassment at smiling so sweetly at a photo.

Mobei-Jun slurped noodles.

“This,” Qin Xiu continued fondly, “is why I always knew Yuan’er would find someone as clingy as baby him was.”

Binghe lifted his head slowly, eyes shining.

“I will treasure this forever,” he said solemnly.

Shang Qinghua buried his face in his hands, giggling. Yue Qingyuan sat quietly, holding a teacup he had forgotten to drink from, staring at the warmth of the scene like a man watching another life through glass.

Somewhere down the hall, Shen Jiu sneezed violently.

And Shen Yuan, mid-lecture, felt an inexplicable sense of impending doom.

As Mobei-Jun scanned the large door to the outside of the kitchen, and then back at Shang Qinghua.

He had been robbed of…intimacy…for way too long.

Mu Qingfang was still delicately blotting sauce from his fingers when Qin Xiu turned back to him, eyes bright with interest.

“You’re dressed quite impressively,” she said kindly. “Are you a cosplayer?”

Mu Qingfang nearly inhaled a dumpling, remembering that he was in fact not wearing modern clothes.

“This one—ah,” he said quickly, straightening. “I am a physician.”

Qin Xiu’s eyes lit up like she’d just struck gold.

“A doctor?” she repeated. “Oh wonderful! If only you were a bit younger, then you could marry my daughter.”

Before Mu Qingfang could react with a rather homosexual smile, she clasped his hands between hers. “I have a personal pharmacy. Come, come—you must see it.”

“A personal pharmacy?” Mu Qingfang smiled happily, deciding that yes, this lovely angelic woman could in fact drag him to the pharmacy. Technically he would be older than her by quite a few years, but his appearance was perpetually twenty-one.

Liu Qingge rose instantly. “I will accompany you.”

Qin Xiu laughed. “Of course. Oh! And later my husband can show you the family sword collection. He’s very proud of it.”

Liu Qingge nodded firmly, probably conjuring up an idea of what the Shen patriarch probably looked like.

“…Sword collection?”

His eyes shone as he followed his martial brother and Qin Xiu.

And just like that, they were gone.

—

Shen Yuan returned to the dining room mid-grumble, rubbing his temple.

“God, he's annoying—”

Luo Binghe looked up. Something invisible but very real started wagging behind him.

Shen Yuan stopped, irritation melting away. “Binghe.”

Binghe smiled sweetly. “Welcome back, Shi—Yuan.”

Yue Qingyuan, realizing that Shen Jiu was likely free, slunk out of the room quickly.

—

Mobei-Jun nodded to the demon lord, grunting “Junshang,” before standing abruptly.

“No, no, no—Dawang—WAIT—!”

Shang Qinghua barely got the words out before he was lifted clean off the ground and carted out the doors, finding himself in a corridor.

Mobei-Jun pressed his back against the wall, breath knocked from his lungs.

The ice demon leaned in close, one arm braced beside his head, the other firm around his waist. Cold seeped through Shang Qinghua’s thin layer, and yet he found it comforting.

“You have been avoiding my intimacy, Qinghua.”

“Dawang, I’ve just been busy trying to keep everyone alive, I swear—”

Mobei-Jun’s mouth brushed his jaw. “You disappeared.”

“That was barely fifteen minutes! You were the one who left to get a car!”

“Too long.”

Shang Qinghua opened his mouth to argue—and lost the opportunity when Mobei-Jun kissed him.

Cold lips, insistent and unyielding, stealing the breath right out of him. Shang Qinghua made a pathetic sound and melted immediately, hands fisting in Mobei-Jun's coat as he was kissed like he'd been missing for years. Mobei-Jun kissed like the way he fought—thoroughly, decisively, as if claiming the northern territories.

Shang Qinghua's legs wrapped around him without permission, traitorous body pressing closer as he laughed softly into the kiss.

"Dawang," he murmured between breaths, dizzy. "We're—mmm—guests—"

Mobei-Jun bit his lower lip gently, "This lord does not care."

Shang Qinghua sighed, giving up. "Yeah, yeah, I know."

Mobei-Jun rested his forehead against his, breath even compared to the shaky breaths of his husband.

"I don't care which world you are in. As long as this Lord is there as well." he said quietly.

Shang Qinghua's teasing died in his throat.

"...You're really intense today," he said softly.

Mobei-Jun kissed him once more, slower this time. Shang Qinghua hugged him tight, pressing his face into the crook of his neck.

"Do not leave me for this world of yours, Qinghua."

"Not happening," 'Qinghua' whispered. "You're stuck with me."

What had he done to deserve such a handsome, big tittied, sweet, soft, but also mean husband?

Oh wait! He made him!

Suck on that selfshippers…

Chapter End Notes

THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWORKED 2/21/2026

Now includes: Better explanation, Shen Yuan is being manipulated by the system into believing Shen Jiu and Yue Qi are simply coincidences. He does not know they are actual characters that have been thrown into this world.

New characters unlocked! Mr "Shen ?" And Miss "Shen ?" The elder brother and younger sister of Yuan and Jiu.

There will be backstory about Qijiu and Yuan, so I hope this isn't too confusing!

Hi starving moshang fans I'm sorry for not feeding you for a week😢 this chapter shorter than usual but next one will be posted next week probably...

I love Shen Yuan's mama 🥹 #qinxiusolos

Don't beat me I'm lazy you can have smut next week I swear

If that freaking end notes comes back I might disintegrate it is my OPP.

Chapter 7: Ice Pole Up His Ass

Chapter Summary

Hamster gets buttfucked

Chapter Notes

C.W: Smut, anal sex, makeout, slight blood drinking, author rarely writes smut don't jump her pls, name reveal!!!

Poopoo system

80% of the chapter is smut 20% sappy poetic stuff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mobei-Jun was not a very talkative man in general. It often caused problems for politics—becuase he preferred to kill off his annoying opponents instead of properly debating or listening to them.

He was king, why should he have to deal with their petty complaints?

That all changed when his beautiful, intelligent, and glorious husband arrived. Mobei-Jun wasn't a poetic person naturally, but when someone saves you from demonic politics…you start to fall in love with them.

However, his beloved was so stupid at the same time.

He beat Shang Qinghua up often before they began courting in a human way, (at Junshang's advice) and Mobei-Jun considered acting pathetic—ultimately choosing to beat Shang Qinghua up in another way.

In bed.

And so as Shang Qinghua moaned into his grasp, back pressed against these expensive walls, Mobei-Jun decided to make his move.

He grabbed his husband by the wrist, suddenly breaking their contact as the demon began tugging his husband down the corridor.

"Dawang…?" Shang Qinghua said sluggishly, drool still shining on his lips.

“Closet.”

“Oh…huh?”

Oh well, sometimes intelligence attempted to chase Shang Qinghua, but he was always faster.

Mobei-Jun was delighted at the lack of servants, until the horrific glowing box re-appeared—

[User is so mean to this System! (≥∩≤) System can hear User’s thoughts!]

‘What do you want.’

There was truly a lack of question marks, but one can obviously gather what tone Mobei-Jun ‘spoke’ in.

[System activated: “Privacy is the Policy” allowing User 002 and 004 to have privacy!]

‘You’re actually useful sometimes…’

[System is useful at all times.]

Mobei-Jun bashed his shoulder against a door, pulling Shang Qinghua into the darkness and shutting the door.

A storage room, perfect.

His husband enjoyed writing—while Mobei-Jun didn't disclose to Shang Qinghua just how much vile stuff he had witnessed written—it didn't stop Qinghua from writing it.

Women…holes….women…men….men….and men…and holes…and breasts…and men…and men…and three men? Four men? Junshang and Peak Lord Shen?

His husband wasn't the best at sex.

But neither was he at first—he had improved since then.

—

In this sprawling mansion, where the afternoon sun cast long, lazy shadows, Shang Qinghua found himself in a predicament.

His husband had a very malicious, very evil look in his icy eyes.

Oh Heavens help him.

His back! His back!

Despite never having kissed a girl yet always describing a thrill for female characters in PIDW—Shang Qinghua felt a thrill flash down his spine.

Mobei-Jun was always so aloof, so untouchable, but there was something in his gaze now that made Shang Qinghua's heart race with anticipation.

See normally he would refuse due to the fact they were in a mansion—but he also really, really wanted dick.

"Dawang, you scared me!" Shang Qinghua laughed, trying to hide his nervousness. “What are we doing in here…?”

Mobei-Jun dragged him closer, his large frame filling the small space between shelves and the door.

He reached past Shang Qinghua to grab a box from the top shelf against the wall, his arm brushing against Shang Qinghua's chest. This left Shang Qinghua crushed against Mobei-Jun’s chest—not that he was complaining.

"Here," Mobei-Jun said, handing him the box. Inside it…lube?

Shen Jiu wouldn't have lube in his house.

[User 002! In order to make this as pleasing as possible, item:lubri_cation has spawned in Character: Shen Jiu’s house.]

Oh well, don't kiss a gift horse on the mouth or however the saying goes.

He looked up at Mobei-Jun, his eyes wide and inviting. Mobei-Jun's gaze dropped to Shang Qinghua's lips, and before Shang Qinghua could react, Mobei-Jun leaned in and kissed him again.

The kiss was hungry, more desperate than before, as if Mobei-Jun had been waiting forever to do this. Which he technically had, they hadn't done any freaky stuff since before they were dragged to the modern world.

Shang Qinghua melted into it, his hands reaching up to tangle in Mobei-Jun's hair—still long and silky.

Mobei-Jun's hands roamed over Shang Qinghua's body, exploring every curve and contour of his husband.

He appeared pleased by this new body, humming in appreciation as he slid his palms up Shang Qinghua’s spine.

Shang Qinghua moaned into the kiss, his own hand sliding down Mobei-Jun’s stomach to rest upon the bulge straining in the demon’s pants.

Mobei-Jun broke the kiss, his breath hot against Shang Qinghua's lips.

"Qinghua is beautiful." he murmured, his hands sliding under Shang Qinghua's shirt.

Shang Qinghua shivered as Mobei-Jun's fingers traced patterns on his skin. The characters of his own name.

Shang Qinghua's hands fumbled with Mobei-Jun's belt, the random one his now rich husband had acquired through possibly illegal means.

His breath hitched as he finally managed to free Mobei-Jun's cock. It was thick and hard, pulsing in his hand. As always, it was cold, as if Mobei-Jun's own powers flowed through every vein in his body.

Mobei-Jun groaned, his head falling back as Shang Qinghua stroked him.

Lord An Ding pressed his palm against Mobei-Jun's lower dantian. He could feel the power in Mobei-Jun's body, the raw, untamed energy that he usually kept so tightly leashed—only using it in battles.

Mobei-Jun's hands were just as eager, pushing Shang Qinghua's pants down and cupping his ass.

Shang Qinghua gasped as Mobei-Jun's fingers found his hole, teasing and probing—still colder than the average air conditioning in his apartment.

Oil was dumped over large hands, and suddenly Qinghua felt droplets sliding down his thighs.

"Please, Dawang," Shang Qinghua begged, his voice a breathy whisper. "Fuck me."

Mobei-Jun didn't need to be told twice. He spun Shang Qinghua around, bending him over a stack of boxes.

His fingers massaged against that opening, as Shang Qinghua scrambled to find a comfortable position.

It was rather difficult to, as this body was not exactly trained the way 'Shang Qinghua's' was.

That meant that everything stung.

"Agh—Dawang…" He whispered, and Mobei-Jun only grunted against his neck in response.

Shang Qinghua could feel Mobei-Jun's cock pressing against his entrance, teasing and torturing him.

Despite knowing that it would feel like he was ripping apart—he had missed this feeling.

"Qinghua, this body…hasn't experienced anything."

"No, Dawang—" He pushed back, desperate for more. But Mobei-Jun pressed one hand against Shang Qinghua's mouth, giving him permission to bite and not scream.

Screaming would make others…interrupt.

Mobei-Jun finally gave in, pushing in as Shang Qinghua’s legs shook and his inner walls burned with the strain.

It hurt—it fucking hurt. But Mobei-Jun kept pushing, and Shang Qinghua bit down into flesh hard enough to draw blood.

The metallic taste poured over his tongue, sliding down his throat and almost making him choke.

Literally thank the Heavens it wasn't heavenly demon blood!

Mobei-Jun pressed against his stomach, breathing heavily down his neck
Shang Qinghua cried out, the sudden fullness overwhelming.

Mobei-Jun barely gave him time to adjust—as was the way of the demons—pulling out and slamming back in with a force that made the boxes shake.

Shang Qinghua could feel every inch of Mobei-Jun's cock, the thick veins and the pulsing head that hit every spot up his ass. Normally he would feel shameful, but as he bucked and moaned against the bleeding hand—he didn't really care.

Mobei-Jun's hands roamed over Shang Qinghua's body, squeezing his ass, stroking his dick, and pinching his nipples.

Every touch sent sparks of pleasure through Shang Qinghua's body, driving him insane.

He could feel his orgasm building, his body tensing as Mobei-Jun pounded into him.

"Qinghua," Mobei-Jun groaned, his voice strained.

His teeth scratched against Shang Qinghua’s nape—hand dragging from his lovers mouth and sliding down the others back.

It found itself wrapped around Shang Qinghua's waist, pressing against the bulge in his stomach with such pressure that it was painful.

Shang Qinghua could only moan in response, his body trembling as Mobei-Jun's cock hit his prostate over and over again.

He tensed, legs shaking and almost refusing to stand up any longer.

“Da—Dawang—Xiang…”

“Hmm?” Mobei-Jun groaned, as Shang Qinghua fought to spit out his words in a fit of probably insanity.

Normally you would sit down and clutch your lovers hands and tell them this classified information, but Qinghua's half working brain chose now.

“My name—my name is Xiang Fei!” The last part coming out as a cry, as his back arched at Mobei-Jun's movements.

Mobei-Jun did not blink, nor slow his pace.

"Xiang Fei," Mobei-Jun commanded, his voice a low growl. "I want to feel you come against me.”

[Ding!!! User’s understanding of character ‘Shang Qinghua’ has been raised to 80%! Character Page ‘Xiang Fei's unlocked! 300Bpoints awarded for discovering new identity ✧\(>o<)ノ✧] Echoed in Mobei-Jun’s ears, but he chose to ignore it.

Back on Xiang Fei’s side, the way his own name rolled off Mobei-Jun’s tongue made Xiang Fei shake in delight, his head only filled with the repeating chants of ‘Xiang Fei, Xiang Fei, Xiang Fei—A-Fei.’

Those words were all it took—Xiang Fei's body convulsed, his body erupting in a hot, sticky mess.

He could feel Mobei-Jun's cock pulsing inside him, filling him with heat that this body had not felt before.

Mobei-Jun's hands gripped his hips tightly, his body shuddering as he came.

They stayed like that for a moment, their bodies connected, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. Mobei-Jun finally pulled out, his cum dripping down Xiang Fei’s legs. Xiang Fei could feel it, the…evidence…of their passion.

Mobei-Jun turned him around, his eyes soft and tender. He leaned down and kissed Xiang Fei gently, his hands cupping his husband's face.

Xiang Fei could feel the love in that kiss, the deep, abiding love that Mobei-Jun usually kept so tightly guarded behind cold walls.

"Thank you Dawang," Xiang Fei whispered, his voice gentle.

Mobei-Jun smiled, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

‘Hah!?? Dawang—you can't just smile like that out of nowhere! This poor sappy one will melt into a pile of mush!’

Xiang Fei smiled back, allowing Mobei-Jun to clutch him close, neutralizing each others temperature.

But alas…the storage room was not meant for people.

It smelled faintly of dust and old camphor, shelves stacked too close together, the single overhead light flickering as if even it had not wanted to witness this.

So when a series of bangs on the door had shocked the two out of their warm and happy bubble—they scrambled.

Xiang Fei had backed himself into the narrow space between a cabinet and the wall, brain screaming a continuous, useless commentary about poor planning, worse decisions, and the fact that the Shen mansion had far FAR too many rooms.

How did they get caught in this one!?

Mobei-Jun, unfortunately, filled most of the rest of it. There was nowhere to look that wasn't a problem.

Xiang Fei tried the wall.

The wall did not help.

Mobei-Jun's presence was overwhelming in that intimidating way that would normally make someone shit their pants—but Xiang Fei found it hot.

His mouth still tasted like copper.

One cold hand braced above Xiang Fei's shoulder, the other very much not being helpful to his ability to form coherent thoughts.

Since it was squarely on his NAKED CROTCH!!!

Dawang—you freak!

"This is a bad idea," Xiang Fei whispered, mostly to satisfy his own screaming conscience.

Mobei-Jun made a low, unimpressed sound.

'System.'

[System is here!]

'You said we'd have privacy.'

[System never said how long! (≧▽≦)]

Petty little shit.

'I'm going to punt you—'

"—We are in Shen Jiu's house. His storage room. This is how people die…!" Xiang Fei hissed.

Xiang Fei opened his mouth to sob again, and immediately lost his train of thought when Mobei-Jun shifted, the shelves rattling softly behind him.

The space was too small for any dignity they may have left.

The bangs still weren't stopping!

And then the door slammed open.

Light flooded in, putting them square in the spotlight of the person standing there.

Xiang Fei made a noise that should not be possible for an adult man to produce—especially not someone who was supposed to be six feet tall…

Mobei-Jun turned slowly, like someone mildly inconvenienced.

Shen Jiu stood in the doorway, hand still on the handle, expression frozen somewhere between disgust, fury, and the deep, soul-weary exhaustion of someone who knew this would happen the moment scum was invited into his home.

"…Leave, homos." Shen Jiu said flatly.

He graciously ignored the fact that he too, was a homosexual.

Xiang Fei tried to move, and did not succeed immediately. His foot caught on something, his shoulder banged into a shelf, and he nearly took out a box of archived documents in his panic.

"Yes. Yes. Leaving. Departing. Exiting the premises. This was not—this is not what it looks like—" he babbled, which was a mistake because Shen Jiu's glare sharpened to something particularly lethal.

Mobei-Jun, meanwhile, looked down at Xiang Fei with faint longing, then back at Shen Jiu. "You interrupted."

Shen Jiu's eye twitched.

"Get. Out. Of my house."

Xiang Fei did not need to be told twice. He scrambled past Shen Jiu, face on fire, already drafting his own obituary in his head.

Behind him, Shen Jiu's voice followed, as ice cold as the day he was designed.

"And Shang Qinghua."

He stopped, slowly turning backwards as if facing a horror movie villain.

"If I find either of you in another inappropriate location," Shen Jiu continued, gaze flicking briefly to Mobei-Jun before returning to Xiang Fei, "I will make sure you don't have flesh left to seduce that refrigerator with."

Truly, this was the attitude that made Yue Qingyuan's dick stand up and bark?

—

Shang Qinghua’s love for Mobei-Jun was not quiet. It did not come in gentle ripples, nor linger in polite corners of the heart.

It was a storm that tore across his chest, a blazing sun trapped behind his ribs, lighting every thought, every breath, and every heartbeat with its unbearable intensity.

He loved the way Mobei-Jun moved through the world as if the Earth itself were afraid to touch him, how even in silence he filled the room with a presence so vast it erased all of Shang Qinghua’s doubt. Shang Qinghua loved the dangerous calm in his gaze, the subtle, terrifying certainty in his steps, the way the air seemed to bend around him, heavy with his power.

Shang Qinghua’s soul trembled in recognition of his creation–here was someone who could consume him entirely, yet somehow, by some miracle, made him feel necessary.

He loved Mobei-Jun with the sort of hopeless devotion that wrote poetry in his veins and carved monuments in his chest, the kind of love that could not be measured in days or words or even in breaths, because it existed beyond such pathetic, human limits.

Xiang Fei loved Mobei-Jun becuase Mobei-Jun did not question. He drank in this new identity like it was golden ambrosia and Xiang Fei was the maker.

And when Mobei-Jun looked at him, even for a fraction of a second, Xiang Fei saw eternity. He saw a universe spun from Mobei-Jun’s ironic warmth, a universe in which he was allowed, impossibly, to exist—and he would crawl through a thousand systems and a thousand transmigration to stay here.

It was overwhelming at times that he could feel so much.

That a shitty, twenty year old author could feel this.

It was the sort of love that could drown, could burn, and could break the world with its beauty—and Shang Qinghua would not—could not—ever let it go.

He would die before that happened.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for not updating....don't beat me.....

Okay this is gonna be a long end notes

-I was admitted to hospital twice with severe autoimmune diseases 🥺
-Christmas time yippie

-There is a fengqing fic that will be posted tomorrow!
-I wrote the fengqing on a roll of toilet paper with pink lipstick while stuck in a slowly flooding cave with a hammerhead shark in the area.
-I got chased by a shark
-New years!
-Happy new years guys mwa

Chapter 8: 69 Shades of Gay

Chapter Summary

"We should go to a gay bar!" Gets jumped

Chapter Notes

I forgot about this fic oh em gee 🥺 it's okay I locked in its 2am have a chapter

It is really short for me though only 2k 😢

Ever so slight mentions of gay bars, fucking, and porn

Also prepare yourselves as this chapter does star Bingqiu yippie bingqiu fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Y'know…you've got a big limo—we should go out somewhere later.” Shang Qinghua sat crosslegged on the couch, nestled in his husband's lap like a cat.

Shen Yuan lounged in his favourite chair, legs draping over the side as Luo Binghe knelt next to it. The demon’s head rested on his husband’s lap, and Shen Yuan absent-mindedly stroked the dark curls he loved so much.

“What, with everyone? Where would we even go?”

Shang Qinghua scratched his chin like an old scholar, humming thoughtfully.

“Got it!” He suddenly yelled, “let's go to a gay bar!”

“What!? Dumb fuck—we can't take Mu-Shidi and Liu-Shidi to a gay bar!” Shen Yuan accidentally yanked on Binghe’s hair, leaving the poor thing hissing in pain.

After a brief apology, Shen Yuan returned to his scolding. “We can't take them to a gay bar, because they're not gay.”

Shang Qinghua narrowed his eyes, “Gods you really are as dumb as a rock. You'd think after all the yaoi you read the signs of gayness would get through that thick skull—”

Shen Yuan lunged forwards, hurtling through the hair with a speed and strength never seen before. Mobei-Jun—choosing life—sprung away from his quivering husband. Shang

Qinghua had barely a second to breathe as his longtime frenemy descended upon him in a flurry of punches.

“You! Pathetic! Gooning! Bastard!” Shen Yuan wheezed, clutching his chest as he throttled Shang Qinghua.

“DAWANG!! SAVE ME!!” The miserable man wailed, scrabbling at Shen Yuan’s feeble hands.

Suddenly, he was freed, and air returned to his straining lungs. Shen Yuan continued his violent kicking from his place up in the air—managing to land a hit square on Shang Qinghua’s shins.

“Imagine getting beat up by a chronically ill dude who’s younger than you.” Shen Yuan said as he was carted away down the
hallway by Luo Binghe.

Shang Qinghua muttered a few curses, “Cripple…”

“A-Fei.” Mobei-Jun’s hand caressed his head gently.

Shang Qinghua jumped at the nickname, having not heard it in decades.

‘A—A-Fei?’

“Dawang…?” He answered. Mobei-Jun glanced towards the hallway where the other two had disappeared, then back down at his pitiful partner.

“A-Fei, tell this Lord what a gay bar is.”

“...”

—

Shen Yuan found himself lowered into the lap of Luo Binghe. His head automatically leaned against his disciple’s broad chest, and Luo Binghe pressed his lips to Shen Yuan’s hair.

This room was perfectly quiet, on the outskirts of the Shen mansion. A balcony overlooked the vast backyard, and Shen Yuan soaked in the view he had missed so much. Even though he had already ‘returned’ home, there was still the looming threat of possibly having to go back.

Not that he didn't like Cang Qiong! Cang Qiong would always be a home to him—but the Peak Lords were not the same as the family he had yearned for for so many years.

Yue Qingyuan was kind, but he did not have the genuine closeness Shen Yuan shared with his Qi-ge. They were so similar—almost exactly the same—but different at the same time. His

Qi-ge and he did not share blood, but the man was his family none-the-less.

Qi Qingqi was intelligent and gossipy, but not the same talkative creature his younger sister was. Shen Tang had been the person that faded into his head when he looked upon Ning Yingying—for green was always his meimei's favorite color.

Cang Qiong was kind, and the peak lords were his family. However, they could not compare to the feeling of sick days spent resting in his mother's arms. They could not compare to the feeling of being carried around on his father's shoulders during markets.

They could never compare to the feeling of safety that he experienced whenever his Er-ge was in the vicinity. Shen Jiu was cold and harsh, but underneath the layers of thorns and hatred dwelled warmth.

Shen Yuan paused in time to Luo Binghe's heartbeats. He glanced up, finding his lover's dark eyes focused on his face.

The invisible thread in his chest loosened.

"…Why are you looking at me like that," Shen Yuan asked warily, rubbing his temple. "Did that rat annoy you?"

"No," his Binghe snorted.

He moved, slow and deliberate, as if afraid sudden movement might spook him. Even more secure in this embrace, others—Shang Qinghua hunched over Mobei-Jun, Yue Qi and Shen Jiu arguing, and Shidi's presence felt very far away all of a sudden.

Shen Yuan glanced sideways. "Binghe is acting strange, forgive this Master for being concerned."

"I know."

Shen Yuan stilled.

Luo Binghe looked at him—not at his face at first, but at his hands. Shen Yuan's hands were familiar to him in every lifetime, every world. Elegant and clean, with ever so slight callouses. The callouses that Shen Qingqiu had were from wielding a sword, but his Yuan's came from fingernails pressed out of pain into cold palms. Always tense like they were ready to push something away.

"Shizun," Binghe began, then corrected himself carefully "A-Yuan."

The use of his name made Shen Yuan feel warm inside.

"I heard what you said earlier," Binghe continued. "About past lives and names. About… occupying bodies."

Shen Yuan's shoulders tightened. "I didn't want to scare Er-ge and Qi-Ge."

“I know.” Binghe repeated. “But I’m glad I did.”

“Why?”

Binghe was quiet for a moment, choosing his words with a care that bordered on reverence.

“Because I think you believe,” he said softly, “that one day I will look at you and see someone else.”

Shen Yuan’s breath caught, and he briefly prayed that a fan would miraculously fall from the skies into his awaiting lap.

“I think,” Luo Binghe went on, “that you believe there is a version of you that is the ‘real’ one, and everything else is borrowed. Temporary.”

Shen Yuan laughed, “You’re reading too much into it.”

“A-Yuan,” Binghe said gently.

He reached out then, slow enough that Shen Yuan could pull away if he wanted to. Binghe took Shen Yuan’s hands in his own.

“They can call you Shen Qingqiu,” Binghe said. “They can call you Shen Yuan. They can call you a soul out of place, a borrowed life, or even a mistake of fate.”

His thumbs pressed lightly against Shen Yuan’s knuckles, grounding, warm.

“But I fell in love with you when you were kind in ways you didn’t have to be,” he continued. “When you were cruel to yourself but gentle with others. When you tried to fix a world that had already hurt you.”

Shen Yuan swallowed.

“I loved you when you were my Shizun,” Binghe said. “And I loved you when you were just a man trying to survive. I loved you before I knew your name, and I would love you even if you had none.”

Shen Yuan’s eyes burned. He looked away, jaw tight. “Binghe—”

Binghe leaned in, forehead resting lightly against his temple.

“Listen to me,” he murmured. “I am not devoted to a title. Or a past life. Or a role written by heavens that have given me nothing but pain.”

His grip tightened, lips trailing across Shen Yuan’s face.

“I am devoted to you.”

Luo Binghe smiled, and Shen Yuan felt his own love for this man burn brighter. How could that even be possible?

“If tomorrow you woke up and told me you were leaving this world forever,” Binghe said quietly, voice steady even as something fierce bled through, “I would follow.”

“When you told me you were never Shen Qingqiu at all,” he continued, “I asked what name you prefer, and I would learn to say it until it felt like home.”

Shen Yuan finally turned back to him, eyes wet. “You make it sound so easy.”

Binghe smiled faintly. “It isn’t. I will say, there is something you have not noticed. Some… people…are closer to you than you think. This Lord believes that the System might have something to do with it.”

He continued, “Learning of who you are is not always easy, but loving you never has been.”

He lifted Shen Yuan’s hands and pressed his lips to the backs of them, a promise more than a kiss.

“I don’t care where you came from,” Binghe said. “I don’t care how many lives you’ve lived, or how many you think you stole.”

His forehead pressed to Shen Yuan’s now, breath warm.

“You are here,” he finished. “You chose me. And I will choose you every time, in every world, no matter what you are called.”

Shen Yuan let out a quiet sob.

“This Mas—I love you.” he muttered.

Binghe smiled, bright and soft and utterly certain. “I know.”

He pulled Shen Yuan closer, as if he could absorb the man.

And for the first time since this world had cracked open around him, Shen Yuan let himself believe that maybe—just maybe—there was nothing he needed to prove in order to be loved.

If Binghe said that there was something shrouding his gaze, he would bury his head in the sand and cover his ears.

He loved this world and everything in it, but Luo Binghe loved this world because he was in it.

—

Shang Qinghua stared at Mobei-Jun the way a man does when every single life choice has queued up behind his eyes and started throwing tomatoes.

“…Dawang,” he said carefully, “you know how there are bars.”

Mobei-Jun nodded, “Wooden or metal?”

‘Deep breaths Xiang Fei, deep breaths.’

“Not quite! You know how there are places humans go to drink, shout, and make very very poor decisions.”

Another nod, “Inns.”

“Yes, a bar is basically an inn. A gay bar,” Xiang Fei continued, “is a bar where the people drinking, shouting, and making poor decisions are mostly men who like other men.”

Mobei-Jun contemplated this answer, the cogs turning behind his blank look.

“…So,” he said, “it is a bar where men compete for other men.”

Shang Qinghua winced. “I mean. Kind of. But less…demonic rituals.”

Poor thing. Clearly has trauma from the long lasting courting rituals Mobei-Jun bestowed on him.

“Hm.”

Mobei-Jun folded his arms. His expression darkened in thought, the way it did before he froze an entire mountainside because someone annoyed him.

“And Xiang Fei wishes to take Shen Yuan and himself to such a place.”

“No no no!” Shang Qinghua yelped, waving his hands. “That was a joke. A bad joke. A joke that nearly got me killed—Cucumber-Bro is just a bitch!”

Mobei-Jun glanced pointedly at Shang Qinghua’s shins.

“You’ve felt worse.”

“…Emotionally as well.” Shang Qinghua muttered.

Another pause.

Then Mobei-Jun asked, with grave seriousness, “If this Lord enters such a bar, will men attempt to court you and I?”

Shang Qinghua imagined it. Tall, terrifying demon king draped in mesh tops and tight bottoms. Resting murder face to boot. He practically drooled at the image that his brain cooked up.

Good, the years he spent reading and writing porn had paid off!

“…Yes,” he said honestly. “Almost certainly.”

Mobei-Jun nodded seriously.

“Will they be strong?”

“Probably not.”

“Will they be respectful.”

“Absolutely not.”

Mobei-Jun’s lips pressed into a thin line. Frost crept faintly along the edge of the floor.

“…This Lord dislikes this establishment, but if Xiang Fei wishes to go, I will accompany.”

Shang Qinghua scratched his chin, “I mean—it could be fun? You get to experience another aspect of uhh, my world…”

Unbeknownst to Xiang Fei, a little box sprung up in front of Mobei-Jun.

[User go! User go! Unlock more information about User: Xiang Fei! (≧▽≦) System is rooting for User!]

Mobei-Jun looked simply delighted—if delighted was just the same face he always wore.

“Yes, this Lord wants to learn more about A-Fei.”

“…But,” Mobei-Jun continued, eyes narrowing, “if they insult you—”

“They won't.”

“—this Lord may kill them.”

“Let’s maybe not—”

“And if they attempt to touch you—”

“They will not,” Shang Qinghua said quickly, then hesitated. “Okay maybe one guy but I can dodge—”

“—this Lord will freeze the bar.”

“DAWANG! You'll go to jail!”

Mobei-Jun looked down at him, fingers still resting gently in his hair.

“This Lord does not understand human courting customs,” he said. “But what is mine is mine.”

Shang Qinghua felt his ears burn.

“…You can just say you don’t want to go,” he mumbled.

Mobei-Jun huffed softly. “This Lord wants to go now.”

Xiang Fei smiled softly.

‘He’s so…sweet at times.’

A distant sound echoed down the hallway—Mu Qingfang’s voice, muffled but unmistakably his

Qin Xiu’s reply drifted after it. “We can go to the markets another time, there's plenty of fresh herbs and traditional medicines there!”

Shang Qinghua recognized Liu Qingge's footsteps among the three.

Mobei-Jun looked toward the hallway once more, then back at Shang Qinghua.

“A-Fei,” he whispered, “Will those Peak Lords come too?”

Shang Qinghua nodded.

He leaned back against Mobei-Jun’s chest, exhausted, bruised from the evil evil peerless cucumber, (and the cock of Mobei-Jun) but very much alive.

"So,” he added, after a moment, “we’ll get drinks later.

Mobei-Jun’s arm tightened around him.

“This Lord is rather bored.”

Shang Qinghua smiled despite himself.

“…Figures, come on—let's go find the shed or something.”

Chapter End Notes

More mentions of Xiang Fei, this chapter includes a mix of both Shang Qinghua and Xiang Fei as XF is still rediscovering his own identity^^

Yippie okay I'm gonna sleep now enjoy

Chapter 9: If There's A Hole There's A Goal

Chapter Summary

> Big titty ice demon bum pics released all over the internet 😳😳😳😳😳😳😳

Chapter Notes

> Hi I discovered monokuma he's the funniest thing ever I love him
>
> Also uhhhhh lotsssss of mentions of drinking and alcohol and yes all that oh and weed and someone getting their bum fingered (not saying who wink wink)
>
> Also I ripped off my thumbnails JUST to write this chapter 💔💔 rip nails the pains of being a gyaru and a writer

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Xiang Fei’s mother had always been the one to drive him home after he inevitably gapped it from sleepovers when things became awkward.

It had always been grumbling in the car that turned into pity for her young son. Xi Lan knew her son was bullied for numerous things at school, and it paled to the tension between his parents.

However, her pity and kindness compared to his stricter father fell to shreds when he brought home his first boyfriend.

Everything had—obviously—gone to shit after that. It had been because of him that they had separated.

It was his fault that his mother no longer wanted anything to do with him.

His fault that his father was constantly having to pay his bills and cry in fear that his only child would not have a proper fulfilling life.

Xiang Cheng didn't deserve what Shang Qinghua had given him and taken from him.

But its not like he could do anything!

And so Xiang Fei, watching as Madam Qin stood to inform the personal chef (jealousy ignites!) that everyone would be staying for dinner, followed her out of the formal sitting

room.

“Ayi…?”

“Ah—I’m so sorry my dear, I don't remember you introducing yourself.” She smiled apologetically, and Xiang Fei reached out to clutch her sleeve.

“No worries! I'm Xiang Fei…Yuan and I went to the same school,” she gasped at that, immediately enveloping his hands in her own.

“Xiao-Fei must be so smart—my Yuan’er was high in his class—so I'm glad he has a good friend from school.”

Xiang Fei glanced towards the room they just left, spotting Mobei-Jun picking his chin in boredom.

‘It wouldn't be good to let Dawang stay in such a filthy place.’

“Um,” he began, meekly, “I was wondering if you could hopefully house the other three…? It's okay if not! They're just a bit far from home, and I have a super small apartment so—”

She lit up, “A sleepover? Aw, Yuan’er hasn't had one of those before. All his illnesses prevented people from coming here, but I'm sure he can handle a few for tonight!”

Qin Xiu patted his hand happily before turning around, “Go tell them that dinner will be about an hour.”

Left standing in the hallway, Xiang Fei found himself smiling softly. This woman was gentle and kind, so far yet so similar to Peerless Cucumber.

How was this woman the mother of Shen Jiu though!?

—

“A sleepover? Shizun, what's a sleepover?” Luo Binghe set down a tray of homemade snacks in front of Shen Yuan, growling when Xiang Fei sneakily reached for one.

“When friends stay at someone's house.”

“Are…they staying?”

Shen Yuan sighed into his bao, “My mother invited them. That is if Mu-Shidi and Liu-Shidi are not opposed to staying at this one's home until we find a way back.”

Luo Binghe grumbled, “They can sleep in the spare room at the—” but was suddenly cut off.

“Cucu—Shen-Shixiong, we could pass time by taking everyone to do cool stuff.” Xiang Fei grinned, swiping a treat when Shen Yuan got distracted.

“Hm…suprisingly good idea—” “Oi!” “—what does Shidi propose?”

“How about you take your dog out for a piss and leave the rest of these delinquents upstairs.”

Shen Jiu was lurking in the background, as always. Mobei-Jun observed him with a pensive look, obviously having known for quite a while that the icy older version of Shen Yuan was glaring at them from a balcony above this big room.

“Ge—get out!”

Shen Jiu scowled, “Where are you even going!? Are you eating there? You can't have anything that isn't cooked safely at home—”

Shen Yuan wrung his head in his hands as Mu Qingfang frowned in concern.

“I know, we're probably just going to get drinks or something.”

Shen Jiu remained looking elegantly furious, but relented seeing his Didi's despair.

“Fine. But don't you dare get him pregnant brat!”

“Pregnant? Can men get pregnant in this weird world?” Liu Qingge finally spoke up from where he was scrubbing his sword with a rag someone gave him.

“I must say that is quite interesting. Can men get pregnant here naturally, Shen-Shixiong?” Mu Qingfang leaned forwards in interest.

Xiang Fei cackled to himself in the corner of the sofa, as Shen Yuan desperately tried to retain some dignity.

“No! I can’t—and I won't—get pregnant.”

Luo Binghe looked mildly disappointed.

“Shen Qingqiu mentioned going to get drinks. Where, and is it the same thing A-Fei—Qinghua mentioned.”

Once again, it was like Mobei-Jun didn't even need question marks.

Xiang Fei immediately stopped laughing to lock in.

No gay bar, no gay bar, no gay bar, no gay ba—

“Yeah, it's a bar. I don't know what he was talking about, but I assume it's something similar.”

Mobei-Jun’s face darkened.

“Ahaha—time to freshen up everybody!” Xiang Fei leapt to his feet, tugging Mobei-Jun off his claimed spot on the sofa and making a break for it down the hallway.

Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge rose, “Shixiong, I believe I'll need different clothing.”

Shen Yuan scratched his chin. “Honestly, nope. People like cosplayers, they'll probably find you cool looking.”

“Can I bring my sword?”

“No, Liu-Shidi. Cheng Luan won't be allowed in.”

His Shidi began to sulk, stomping off behind Mu Qingfang.

This left Binghe, attached to Shen Yuan like a koala.

“Yuan, Shizun, Husband. Do they have to come?”

Shen Yuan sighed in exhaustion. “Yes Binghe.”

—

—

The car was absolutely stolen.

Mobei-Jun stood beside it with the air of someone who had never once filled out paperwork in his life—since that was Xiang Fei’s job after all.

It gleamed under the fancy lights set along the Shen mansion’s driveway.

Xiang Fei clapped his hands together. “I call shotgun!”

Luo Binghe immediately pulled Shen Yuan behind him, “A-Yuan will sit with me.”

“This is gonna go so badly.” Shen Yuan muttered, already being guided into the backseat.

Liu Qingge circled the vehicle once again like he was assessing a spiritual beast before battle. “Does it also come with weaponry?”

“It runs on petrol,” Xiang Fei supplied, already halfway inside.

“…Is that some kind of cultivation method, Shixiong?” Mu Qingfang asked.

Mobei-Jun got into the driver's seat without answering any questions, and immediately smashed his foot against the drivers pedal.

"Oh shit–Shang Qinghua, does he even know how to drive!?"

Xiang Fei paled, eyes bulging out of his brain.

"No!"

Too late, the engine roared to life.

Shen Yuan was catapulted forwards, Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge springing to save him while also being thrown around.

Mu Qingfang clutched the door handle like it was his last day on earth—as Xiang Fei howled and screamed for his life.

They shot down the road, Mobei-Jun somehow bypassing the speed limit while staying out of sight of cops.

The ice demon whispered to the right, "Evil beast, give me a way to stay out of sight of authorities."

[Yes User! Initiating /Protection array 101/…loading…loading….complete! >•<]

Binghe held Shen Yuan like the car personally intended to devour him, his panic showing as they continued spending.

No one commented on the fact that Mobei-Jun clearly ignored two traffic signals as they sped through a red light.

"Holy shit—holy shit! We're gonna die, man I gotta call my dad and tell him goodbye."

Mobei-Jun gripped the wheel as the car spun around, and Mu Qingfang began silently praying for the gods to save them.

"Dawang—I love you and your cold dick so please don't kill us!"

"MAKE HIM SLOW DOWN!!"

As everyone in the car prepared for their end, Mobei-Jun sped up and soared over the other car's roof, landing square on the ground and continuing.

"Where is this bar?" He said to Xiang Fei, not taking his eyes off the road.

"A—around the corner…"

They screeched to a stop, the car briefly filling with breaths of relief and one satisfied Mobei-Jun.

—

Neon lights bled into the pavement. Music thudded through the walls. The bass echoed in their lungs as they stood outside. Mobei-Jun chucked a bunch of bills at some homeless bloke and told him to defend the car.

The cultivators froze just inside the entrance, confused at the light and sounds.

“Is this a brothel?”

“Ah—no, Mu-Shidi, everyone basically gets drunk here. Its an inn.”

“Ahh…”

Liu Qingge’s hand twitched instinctively toward where Cheng Luan should have been.

“So many mortals all pressed up against each other." He scowled.

“They’re just dancing, Shidi.” Shen Yuan sighed.

It appears as though the group, and the author, had forgotten just how much face the Liu’s served. Without a veil, Liu Qingge’s stunning mug was out in the open—and there was nothing anyone could do to save him!

He was tall, broad-shouldered, ethereal. Dressed like he walked straight out of a historical epic.

Essentially, he was an excellent source of hump material for drunks.

A girl grabbed his arm, “Gege, can we dance?”

A guy leaned in. “Your hair is insane, man.” He trailed his fingers down it, grinning at Liu Qingge’s angry flush.

Another reached for his sleeve.

Liu Qingge stiffened and glanced around desperately. His eyes widened just slightly more than usual. He did not understand this formation. He did not understand this attack pattern.

He was not allowed to attack them, so all he could do was retreat.

He attempted to back up, but was swallowed into the crowd once again.

Then, out of nowhere, a godly figure descends into these boiling smelly hells!

Like a dignified crane attempting not to startle predators, Shen Yuan reached out a slender hand for Liu Qingge to grasp onto.

He's saved once more by his Shixiong, and led safely back to their little squad.

He began inching sideways through the crowd until he was standing just behind Shen Yuan's shoulder.

"I do not like this place," he said under his breath.

"Welcome to nightlife," Xiang Fei chirped.

Binghe smiled softly at the dancers, before turning to pull Shen Yuan with him. For but a moment, they returned to their graceful selves of the past hundreds of years—and yet only days—prior.

Liu Qingge sat down at a table, longingly watching Shen Qingqiu dance with a demon that filled his heart with anger.

He did not like their relationship.

Not because he was against two men—but because it wasn't him sweeping Shen Yuan around.

Meanwhile, Mu Qingfang found himself at the main bar, a small glass being pressed into his hands.

"What is this?" Mu Qingfang asked, examining the small clear glass.

"Vodka."

"Alcohol? Zhang-Shixiong would enjoy this." A shame the Zui Xian peak lord was not there, he dearly loved alcohol.

Some say he loved it more than his own disciples.

Absolutely true.

"Drink it, try it Mu-Shidi."

He did, pausing at the acquired taste. He didn't normally drink, drunks as doctors were not good.

"Interesting."

Xiang Fei grinned, waving the bartender down with Shen Yuan's card that he swiped.

Ten minutes later, Mu Qingfang had sampled tequila, rum, something fluorescent blue, and something that was briefly on fire.

His expression did not change once, simply downing one after the other as if he was sipping tea.

Xiang Fei was looking more and more concerned by the minute, and Mobei-Jun was looking over his shoulder with a similar expression of surprise. Not even the demon expected this to

occur.

Across the bar, a local bum known—loudly—for never losing a drinking contest took offense at Mu Qingfang's serene composure.

"You think you can outdrink me?"

Mu Qingfang tilted his head. "Statistically, it is possible." He smiled warmly, "Although, I wouldn't attempt it if I were you."

Challenge accepted, the bar gathered, and Xiang Fei whipped out a notebook like it was muscle memory. All the hours spent gossiping with Qi Qingqi and taking notes on local rumours on Cang Qiong had prepared him to take bets.

Bill after bill was set down next to him, half on the drunk, and half playfully betting on the newcomer.

Xiang Fei wrote like he was running out of time, as the bartender dumped bottle after bottle into cups.

The local began sweating by round six.

Mu Qingfang calmly explained alcohol absorption rates between drinks.

Round eight.

Round nine.

Round ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen.

By round fourteen, Liu Qingge had slunk his way over.

By round fifteen, Luo Binghe and Shen Yuan had stopped making out in the corner and came to watch.

Round sixteen, everyone was chanting.

Round seventeen, the local slammed his glass down and slumped over, swaying.

The whole bar broke out in cheers and whoops, and Mu Qingfang found himself being slapped on the back by countless people as Xiang Fei jumped up and down in joy.

Three thousand dollars exchanged hands, sliding right into Xiang Fei's pocket as Mu Qingfang smirked.

Mu Qingfang bowed politely to the likely alcohol poisoned man. "I appreciate your contribution to my research."

—

Back in the corner booth, Shen Yuan was making poor decisions.

He should not have let Airplane keep refilling his glass, and he definitely should not have agreed to drunkenly debate.

“Objectively,” Xiang Fei insisted, leaning far too close, “Mobei-Jun has a runway face.”

Shen Yuan squinted at him. “Wrong. Binghe has a tragic male lead appeal and huge abs.”

“No, Dawang has bone structure, and they both have abs anyways.”

“Binghe has eyelashes.”

Airplane nodded gravely, “True…”

If Shen Yuan’s wrong, he'll turn into a girl and apply to be a model at Victoria’s Secret.

“Hey now that I think about it, if Junshang was a woman—would he have the biggest tits ever? Hell—we’d make so much money if Bing-jie became a model!”

“Binghe as a woman? Now you're just itching to write another crap extra. Your greed sickens me.”

Shen Yuan glanced up, suddenly paying attention to the strange sound playing.

Hey where's that noise coming from?” Shang Qinghua said.

“Is that fnaf music?”

“Dude, either fuzzybum is after us or I might've smoked way too much shit.”

Xiang Fei continued, “I remember when I used to grow weed in my grandma’s back garden before she kicked me out…good old days…”

“Airplane, you're only twenty-three.”

“Wait, bro, how old are you?”

“Freshly twenty-two.”

“That makes ME uncomfy slash gen.”

Shen Yuan raised the bottle over his friend’s head, but was stopped by a single glare from Mobei-Jun.

Luo Binghe, not to be excluded, ordered a drink.

It tasted awful, he wasn't the biggest fan of alcohol. Other than a certain type of wine….

He reminisced of that night.

And then drank it anyway. His body did not adapt the way it should have. No spiritual energy cushioning the impact. No demonic resilience smoothing the poison.

His blood parasites aren't in this world.

Shit.

Ten minutes later, he looked majorly pale.

“A-Yuan,” he said tightly, “I will return shortly.”

The bathroom door closed behind him.

Modern alcohol was an enemy he had not trained for.

He would not recover with grace.

Luo Binghe clutched his stomach, feeling his vision start to get cloudy. It felt like he was floating, and violently nauseous.

Speaking of nausea, his stomach growled violently.

Then, everything he had eaten and drank that day came flying back out and all over the stall.

Binghe rested against the wall, until some guys came and pushed a cup of cold water to revive him.

Once they stopped cackling, one patted him on the shoulder.

“Kid, you gotta be slow, alright?” He said, snickering.

“Shizun….”

“What was that?”

“Shizun…I want…Shizun.”

One of them whistled through his teeth, “man we gotta wait till you finish throwing all of it up. I can see more coming anyways.”

He was right, Luo Binghe thought as he lurched forwards.

—

Xiang Fei leaned into Shen Yuan’s airspace, slurring his words as he giggled and whispered.

“Hey…cucumber—hah—my names Xiang Fei. Geddit…Airplane.”

“Gods, you're so stupid.” Shen Yuan slumped backwards, groaning for another drink.

Briefly leaving Shen Yuan to get another bottle, Xiang Fei squeezed past a few people to get to the bar and Mu Qingfang.

Then he froze.

A hand squeezed against his ass, some random creep grinning down at him.

“Oi twink.”

“Eh?”

“Why don't you give me a better look at your pretty ass?”

Xiang Fei scoffed, “Shit—even Mobei-Jun beat me up and fed me noodles first. Try again in the next life buddy.”

There was a stillness—sharp and cold.

Mobei-Jun sprung forwards, flying through the air with his arms outstretched like a hybrid between emo elsa and superman. Like those millennial hipster edits of Disney princesses from 2012.

The man barely had time to register his mistake before he was shoved back hard enough to stumble into a table.

Chairs scraped, and everyone backed up.

“Bar fight!” Someone shouted.

A glass shattered, and the offender tried to swing.

He did not succeed, how pathetic!

Mobei-Jun did not look winded. He raised his fist and slammed it against the guy's face.

After all, a king is still a king.

Security rushed in before this escalated into police involvement.

“Is there a doctor!?”

Mu Qingfang practically teleported there, kneeling down and pulling the guy's eyelids back.

Everyone held their breath, praying the really hot guy didn't get arrested for anything more than misdemeanor.

“...He’s alive.”

Thank gosh.

Xiang Fei stood there, wide-eyed.

"…Dawang."

Mobei-Jun brushed imaginary dust from his sleeve.

"Control your mortals," he said flatly to security as police sped down the road.

Xiang Fei jumped in fear, grabbing Shen Yuan and shaking him sober.

"Bro! Bro—we're gonna get arrested!"

Liu Qingge called out to them, "look at the front."

Some dude with a microphone yelled out across the room, "Yo, we got a—what's his name again—Luo Binghe here asking for Shizun?"

Shen Yuan blinked one eye and then the other before raising his hand.

"Binghe…?"

"Shizun!" Luo Binghe tearfully cried as he rushed over to him.

Security were still arguing amongst themselves, and Mobei-Jun stood still against the chaos.

Mu Qingfang was flushed but perfectly coherent, holding a notebook filled with observations.

Shen Yuan leaned heavily against Luo Binghe, who looked physically unwell but otherwise happy.

Xiang Fei was louder than necessary, his panic at the police echoing through their group.

Two officers strolled in, and Liu Qingge instinctively reached for Shen Yuan. Binghe tried to tug his husband back, creating a tug of war game. Mobei-Jun found himself being escorted towards the door, Xiang Fei wailing at his shoulder.

Mu Qingfang sighed deeply, simply choosing to follow them.

Then, Shen Yuan felt the fear of ten lifetimes shock him like lightning.

Nothing on this Earth and in either of his lifetimes could ever scare him as much as this.

The whole bar had gone silent as well, as if everyone else could feel it.

They probably could.

See, Luo Binghe and Shen Yuan were of a certain height gap that was prevalent in another… youthful couple.

They were making out near the bar, not the corner.

None other than Shen Jiu loomed on the stairs, Yue Qi a fearful step behind him. The Scum Villain’s favoured lip gloss was smeared, and Shen Yuan’s mouth dropped.

There were marks all over Yue Qi’s flaming red face.

His brother was gay!?

Qi-ge wasn't just his best friend??

Jiu-ge isn't homophobic!?

The second officer was explaining to the group that they'd stay the night until their parents could take them home, but Shen Yuan wasn't paying attention.

As all six were taken outside, Shen Yuan heard a low growl that sent shivers down his spine.

“Shen. YUAN!!!!”

Alas, Shen Jiu could do nothing but storm and rage as he clambered into Yue Qi’s car and ordered his boyfriend(?) to step on it.

Of course, not even a week into the modern world and they've been arrested.

Chapter End Notes

Full of references but just wait till next chapter ahaahahhaa we're nearing the end guys! Only about 3 more chapters until it's all done

2/23 edit: hi this is Yani, it's come to my attention that a friend of mine thought it would be funny to add an ai sounding prompt into my work. I'm sorry to anyone who may have dropped this fic because of it. I have never used ai in any of my works, and I'll ensure she doesn't do this again. This fic is simply a self indulgent comedy one, not one that should be joked about using ai. (Holy bad English alert) But yeah I'm sorry

Chapter 10: Tampon For The Nut

Chapter Summary

Oh em gee cucumber threw a tampon at me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

Hii! Fr!end has been dropped no more fic for them 💔

The beginning of this chapter and multiple different ideas were written by my beautiful beautiful gf Plain_y <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The holding cell was unbearably cold, musty, and most of all smelled like old feet marinated in someone's feces.

Was Xiang Fei being dramatic, maybe, was he currently arrested with 6 other people and wanted a warm cup noodle? *Also* yes!

Priorities people! Priorities!! Xiang Fei has *standards!!! Or maybe he's just spoiled from having the comforts of being a Peak Lord,* he whined internally within the corner of his still hung-over brain.

Still—being stuck in a cell was *not* one of those standards!

He groaned, feeling his head thump against the cold tile behind him, and with bleary eyes watched as police officers walked to-and-fro barely a few feet away.

Xiang Fei looked around, watching as everyone within the group stayed within designated corners of the cell.

Cucumber-bro and Luo Bingmei in one corner, and Liu Qingge stuck huffing'n'puffing with an unwilling Mu Qingfang right smack dab in the middle of the cell.

Man, the poor guy looks like he's about to pop a blood vessel…thank the heavens Mu-shidi was here…

He felt gross, sweaty, and most of all in a *desperate* need for a certain ice demon's cold skin to soothe against whatever *idiot* was blasting the heater to hell's asscrack and back within the police station.

“Dawanngg…” He whined, still under the influence of whatever cheap bear he chugged a few hours prior, “Hug me, *now.*”

Mobei Jun barely blinked to even question Xiang Fei's request before scooting closer, offering his arm for the all-mighty An Ding Peak Lord to cling off of like a grabby toddler.

Did Xiang Fei care that he looked like a Y/N desperate for her CEO? Not really, did he care that he wants to eradicate the sweltering heat? Yep! Dignity be damned, it's already out the door!

Yet right as Xiang Fei was about to finally get comfy, *finally* catch some shut eye—

“OH MY FUCK IS THAT A TAMPON??? USED—oh my god Binghe ‘m gonna puke hold my hair—”

Xiang Fei sprung up, watching in utter shock as Cumcumber-bro manhandled a used tampon in his hands, face turning various shades of green as he attempted to find somewhere to throw it—which was *right in his direction!!*

Cucumber-bro I thought we had a truce! An alliance! Why must you forsake me?!

He squealed—*a manly scream! Not even a lick of girly-ness whatsoever!*—as he dashed to the right, watching the tampon *splat* against where he once sat like a foreboding omen of bloody death forsaking Xiang Fei's lifetime.

He shuddered a breath, watching silently as it slid down the wall with a gruesome *ker-splat* against the cold cement floor.

Ohmygod Mobei Jun might’ve been hit with the blood! I can't let my king get chlamydia or something?! DO STDS EVEN TRANSFER LIKE THAT???

Before he could check on Mobei Jun, he quickly whipped his head around at the *still* gagging Shen Yuan, whom of which was being consoled by Luo Binghe and Mu Qingfang, both making sure the tampon-assaulted man was okay.

Liu Qingge, however?

He was pale.

So pale in fact he looked as though he was mere seconds away from passing out after witnessing such an atrocity to his semi-mortal eyes.

Yet Xiang Fei could only wonder, *didn’t Liu-shixiong skip the sex-ed lessons we got as disciples or is he truly squeamish about…tampons! Of all things the Bai Zhang Peak Lord could fear, and it's a piece of cotton!*

He snarked a laugh, tugging on Mobei Jun’s sleeve to help them move away from the contaminated zone of the evil-tampon™, before settling back down closer to the now recovered Shen Yuan.

He gave a sympathetic pat on his transmigration-buddies shoulder, giving mock support due to the fact that…

The damned idiot threw a fucking tampon!! USED! At me! Me! The wonderful Master Airplane! Respect your elders you damned heathen!!!

He sighed, anger bleeding out from him as quickly as it came. *Haha, came—focus! Help out the idiot cucumber, not giggle at come jokes!*

"You good dude? Done uh…pucking 'yer guts out?

An odd grumbling came from the other man, as though he was *attempting*—horribly so, if Xiang Fei might indubitably add—to speak, "*Hrrrkk*…hyeah man…*soooo* good…I'm peachy, like Princess Peach! *Hahaa–!"*

Shen Yuan laugh-groaned while Xiang Fei's groan now syncrozed with the limp-cucumber in front of him, "Dude, it's not *that funny* alright? We get it, you used to do Rainbow Dash Rode speedruns for fun like the maniac you are, otaku-lookin' ass…"

The previously puking man wiped the remaining spit from his lips before he leaned into Luo Binghe's shoulder, seemingly still drunk like a horse off ketomine, "Bingbing…bring this master bao buns…with red bean paste! And make the sesame seeds have uhh…" he trails off, his eyes glazing over in thought, "a Hello-Kitty face! Yeah!"

Luo Binghe sputters, blushing from his neck up—*haha he looks like a tomato*—as Tomato-Bing*'s* face was saved by the dark dampness within the cell.

Xiang Fei giggled at the mess in front of him, unknowing to the side-eye of curiosity Mobei Jun gave to him.

Xiang Fei looked side to side, shivering with an odd temptation in his bones at the familiar cold-lidded gaze…*sigh*, he mournfully whines, *why did we all have to get arrested?*

If it was just me and Mobei Jun…ahaha, his mind was suddenly cock-blocked by a loud screeching noise emitting from Luo Binghe's mouth.

Damn you, protag! Xiang Fei sobs, his imaginary CEO x overworked assistant roleplay popping into mid-air.

He solemnly sighed, gazing down at the dog food in front of him with utter disgust.

For the sake of his sanity, Xiang Fei decided to narrate the entire moment within his mind, with the intention to remove the *radiating* blush on both of those idiots' cheeks.

Get a grip!!! Gods!!!

Xiang Fei cracked his knuckles, letting his 10,000 words a day keyboard-master extraordinaire alter-ego take over, fully immersing himself within the imaginary depths of his mind.

Kawaii UwU weak and pathetic Shen Yuan softly snuggled even *closer* to CEO alpha-wolf-demon-lord-prince-no friends-Luo Binghe, ruining any chance the poor demon had in keeping face.

Xiang Fei was *this* close from laughing his ass off!

Holy hell if only he had his phone!! God this is perfect blackmail material, cucumber-bro, I swear you'll make Luo Bingmei bust on the spot with your gay moves right now! Keep it up, this humble Master-Airplane loves to see it!

Mu Qingfang seems utterly used to this, turning towards both Mobei Jun and Xiang Fei with an almost exasperated look.

"He will be fine in due time," the healer sighs, wiping the acidic mixture of bear and sour-liquid on his pants before making his way over to Liu Qingge's tampon-shocked self.

"Shixiong," he begins, "this is…I *believe* a product used to prevent blood from leaving the female genitalia during the menstrual cycle of a woman. Your sister, mother, and every other woman you know has experienced this."

Liu Qingge raised his eyebrows, and Xiang Fei half expected him to look a bit disgusted. However, the man looked pensive—before he nodded calmly.

"I understand."

Kudos to understanding and educating Liu-Dage! Great Master Liu was truly a good big brother!

—

Mu Qingfang briefly began scratching his mustache for a few seconds before whipping off his hat.

That hat of his was rather elegant—the doctor often storing bandages or medicine in the pockets attached to it. Many times Xiang Fei wondered how it managed to stay stuck to his head.

'Does he super–glue the thing?'

Before he could finish his theorizing, Mu Qingfang lifted down a cup.

"You smuggled a shot in here!?? Shidi—"

"Does Shixiong want some?" The doctor replied to Shen Yuan, offering up a sip of the drink he somehow snuck past the guards.

Xiang Fei's stomach grumbled loudly, and he turned big pitiful eyes on his Shidi and Shixiong.

"Fuck off Airplane, you got more than enough food at the bar."

“Yeah but I threw it up on the way in!” The man spluttered, deciding to throw himself against his husband and wail.

Mobei-Jun simply patted his back, Liu Qingge and Luo Binghe eyeing each other up in the small space.

Shen Yuan caught them squaring up, “No! I forbid you both from fighting—I’m not telling Jiu-ge you killed each other before they even bailed us out.”

Luo Binghe sniffed, “Shizun, there's still a big chance Shen Jiu will only bail you out. He'd jump at the chance to keep me in this cage forever.”

“No wonder, I’d probably do the same…” Liu Qingge muttered darkly.

“Did I hear Shishu say something?”

Xiang Fei began to realize just how much sexual tension the two of them had. This would've been a great shishu-disciple yaoi! Damn you Shen Yuan—great cucumber fuckup!

Liu Qingge twitched, and Luo Binghe did the same.

“Forgive me Shizun/Shixiong.” They said in unison before leaping at each other.

The two grown freaking men rolled around the cell, landing punches and kicks everywhere.

It looked like one of those fights you see in old cartoons where there's crashing and banging and a huge cloud of dust—with the cat in the back yowling for dramatic effect.

The cat was Xiang Fei—who after beginning to snicker at Shen Yuan’s desperate attempts to separate the two fighting maniacs—recieved a convenient kick to the head that sent him flying.

Mobei-Jun scowled, finally swallowing his pride and opening the glowing demonic box.

‘System.’

[System is here! How can System help?]

‘Shut them up.’

[System can't do that—but System can give User an idea of how to escape! >•<]

‘Yes.’

[User simply needs to use ‘Big Muscle Muscle Man’ strength to escape. Good luck!]

Mobei-Jun thought for a few moments before suddenly getting to his feet.

His hands gripped two bars for about three seconds until they began squeezing.

A freaking sound could be heard echoing around the cell all of a sudden, causing the two misfits beating each other to stop and watch.

Xiang Fei clapped and cheered a few times before Shen Yuan clapped a hand over his mouth lest they warn the guards.

Mobei-Jun bent the bars—squeezing through them and straightening up.

“En.” He grunted, holding a hand out for his Princess—Husband, to join him.

Out of nowhere—as the group briefly celebrated freedom—four guards tackled Mobei-Jun.

For a moment, Xiang Fei was petrified, thinking his beloved would use those dastardly sexy ice powers!

Thankfully, Mobei-Jun had a shred of intelligence in him and obviously decided not to freeze four people today.

…For now, Xiang Fei hopes.

Instead, he simply allowed himself to be manhandled upwards.

A collective sigh escaped everyone, and they prepared for Mobei-Jun to be pushed back through the bars.

Instead, he was drop-kicked into the cell next door, leaving Xiang Fei dropping to his knees beside the wall.

“Dawang!!! I miss you—this one loves you and misses you so much! You're so far away, what do I do—!?”

One of the guards cut him off, his tone full of shock and horror, running a hand across the bent titanium metal.

“How did that guy even manage to bend the bars…?”

“Don't question anything, it's normal.” Shen Yuan said, and the guards shook their heads in bewilderment.

“We’ll have someone fix the cell, but if there's any more escapes, your sentences will most likely increase.”

Everyone nodded—aside from the wailing and sobbing Xiang Fei.

Eventually, the sobbing got to a point.

Luo Binghe sprang to his feet, grabbing the mousy man and raising him into the air.

Shang Qinghua squeaked in fear, immediately crying out for his Dawang and then Shen Yuan to help him.

Instead of splitting him in half like expected—Luo Binghe instead backed up to the opposite side of the cell.

“Binghe!? What are you doing?”

“Don't mind me Shizun, I'm just saving us.”

He took a good long look at the bars, seemingly lining up as he got in position.

The Demonic Emperor rushed forwards, sending Xiang Fei shooting through the bars and getting stuck right at his ass. It had hurt, but the running start had gotten him pretty far.

Mu Qingfang also stood, “Everyone start pushing! Mobei-Jun, pull from the other side.”

The Ice Demon grasped his husband by the arms, holding on tightly as Xiang Fei miserably mumbled in pain.

Shen Yuan tugged at the bars, trying to loosen them. Liu Qingge pressed his back against Xiang Fei’s knee, Luo Binghe shoving against the other one.

“Ready everybody?” Mu Qingfang called, "One, two, three, *push!”*

Xiang Fei was immediately yanked from one side and squashed from the other, his ass flattening and squeezing through the bars like a lemon being squeezed through a tube.

Finally, he popped out, flying into Mobei-Jun's lap with a loud crack.

Everyone cheered—somewhat quietly—Shen Yuan waving cheerfully as Xiang Fei furiously made out with Mobei-Jun.

“I missed you *so much* Dawang!” He cried.

“We’re free!” Shen Yuan clasped his hands together, grimacing at the couple, somehow feeling the radiating love they felt for each other *from across the room!*

Luo Binghe embraced his lover, colonizing the space Moshang had left behind.

Liu Qingge stretched out across the floor, Mu Qingfang snagging the spot closest to the miserable bed.

“When is Jiu-ge coming…”

As if summoning a demon, footsteps echoed down the hall.

Luo Binghe shivered.

Shen Yuan sighed, only to raise his head

and light up.

“Speak of the devil and he will appear—Ge!”

Shen Jiu loomed outside of the cell, like a Disney villain being introduced to the protagonist, with dramatic symphony music and everything.

The protagonist being Xiang Fei of course! This is *HIS* story after all…

Oh… and Luo Binghe but he doesn't *really* count, he muses, who else can make a self-insert character *and* transmigrate into said character?!

Definitely *not* Luo Binghe, that'sBinghe, that's for sure!

Xiang Fei 1, Luo Binghe 0!

—

Shen Jiu tapped his foot on the ground before shoving his spindly mitt through the bars and grasping Shen Yuan by the collar.

“You brat! How dare you get yourself a criminal record—espcially with these…delinquents!”

Shen Yuan struggled against the hold, spluttering a few measly excuses.

“How dare you go to a bar and probably make out with that little ingrate in the corner—!”

“Didn't we also see you at the bar, Master Shen?” Mobei-Jun asked.

‘Ooo, really got him there.’ Xiang Fei thought, smirking at the reminder that Yue Qi and Shen Jiu were probably off rubbing their shamalamadingdongs together just like everybody else.

Shen Jiu instantly shut up, simply growling in response.

Suddenly, Shen Yuan was freed from his brief strangulation scare. Yue Qi’s hand gently tugged Shen Jiu’s wrist, an apologetic look on the older man’s face.

“I'm glad everyone is alright, truly this was nothing but a mistake. I think an explanation can be made as to why none of us are at home.” The Sect Leader smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes.

“Xiang Fei, was it? Do you have any ideas?” He zeroed in on Shang Qinghua, who squeaked in reply.

“Ahaahha—we went to a great gathering between high-school friends? Yea—yeah that could work…”

Yue Qingyuan nodded in appreciation, his voice filling the fearful silence occupied only by the routine grumbling of Xiang Fei’s stomach.

“In about fifteen minutes you'll all be let out of here. We can drive you home, but after that I don't care what happens to any of you.”

Shen Jiu was still Shen Qingqiu after all, even if the memories of the life he had led were likely all gone.

Xiang Fei was still confused.

Very, *very* confused.

But alas, all would come to light soon.

The Shen family are strange, and so is Proud Immortal Demon Way.

At this point, is it really Xiang Fei's story?

[-200 B-points for thinking too much about plot.]

Before he could think too deeply into this, a sudden sound made him look up—and to his surprise—was a *horribly* familiar person.

Both stared at each other, seemingly shocked at the fact either of them existed in the same room—cell? hallway? *whatever!*

Yet all Xiang Fei could do was blurt a high pitched, *"What!?"*

"A-Fei?"

Yue Qi stood up, "I'll go fill out the rest of the paperwork. Behave while I'm gone."

Shen Yuan once again tried to explain them all, as if Shen Jiu would change his mind and express even an ounce of pity for these poor innocent souls!

"I'm just saying," he insists, pacing the holding cell like a man who has never once in his life accepted consequences (rich kid alert), "there were multiple points where we could have avoided this. At least three, maybe five. I can list them if you'd like—"

"No," Shen Jiu says, arms crossed where he sits against the wall outside the cell. "You cannot."

"It was Mobei-Jun's fault, not ours!"

"Didn't stop the police."

"Hey, my king did it out of protection and true love!" Xiang Fei chimed in.

Shen Jiu silenced him instantly with his special move: Glare of a thousand suns.

"You're all lucky Yue Qi is bailing you out, and even more lucky I don't tell our parents."

Shen Yuan looked mildly horrified before he grinned evilly.

"Why don't I tell them about you and Qi-ge?"

"You *little*—"

Mu Qingfang holds up his hands in peace. "Let's remember what our goal is, we need to get out of here without the... authorities getting any more upset."

Across from them, Luo Binghe sits calmly, like this is a perfectly acceptable outcome.

Mobei-Jun has Xiang Fei planted firmly on his lap, the two kissing mushily like they aren't the number one reason they're all in here.

Shen Yuan sniffs miserably in their direction, his shared side-eye with Shen Jiu quite clear. The two of them do not want to be hearing the squelch of those guys kissing.

Xiang Fei had tried to be somewhat quiet during the waiting time, which should have been the first warning sign. He leans against Mobei-Jun's Tassive Mits™, staring at nothing, thinking too hard about too many things he absolutely should not be thinking about.

And then he opens his mouth.

"Well, it's not like the original scum Shen—"

The System appears.

Not fully of course, only visible to him, Shen Yuan, and Mobei-Jun. And also, unbeknownst to them, Shen Jiu.

[WARNING: BREACH OF INFORMATION]

Xiang Fei freezes.

Shen Yuan whips his head around, "Idiot." He hisses.

[WARNING: SHEN YUAN REALIZATION ARC INITIATED—20% EARLY]

"…Nothing, I said nothing!" Xiang Fei squeaks, and they can practically see the mouse ears and tail spring forth.

'Fuck, screw my tongue! Wait, System, what do you mean 'Shen Yuan realization arc'!?'

[WARNING: THIS ACTION WILL HAVE CONSEQUENCES]

Xiang Fei gulps audibly, which makes him all the more suspicious.

Shen Yuan turns, laughing it off as he gestures toward Shen Jiu. "Ignore him, Jiu-ge, he's just being weird again, you know how he—"

Shen Jiu exhales slowly, pressing his fingers briefly to his temple like something inside him has finally snapped.

"...You're an actual idiot."

Shen Yuan blinks. "Rude?"

"I was going to wait," Shen Jiu continues, voice sharp with irritation. "But clearly that was a mistake."

"Wait for what—?"

“Explain it to him, you semi-useless unemployed rat." Shen Jiu says, not even looking at Xiang Fei. "Since you’ve already started."

[CRITICAL WARNING: INFORMATION LEAK ESCALATION]

"Oh shut up you ball of scrap."

'I am going to die.'Xiang Fei clutches Mobei-Jun like a drowning man, thankful that he is in a separate, safer cell.

Shen Yuan looks between them, increasingly suspicious. "...Explain what?"

Luo Binghe is surprisingly quiet, where usually he'd be trying to calm his husband or involve himself.

This tells Yuan that he too knows about whatever the hell Shen Jiu and Airplane are going on about.

This is, objectively, the worst possible choice.

’They were supposed to sit down and gently tell Shen Yuan that ahahaha- you're not hiding anything! Shen Jiu is THE Shen Jiu! The System is manipulating you! Everything is so confusing! The worlds are glitching! Xin Mo probably isn't working! Mobei-Jun hasn't used his powers in ages because this world is slowly draining them!’

And Xiang Fei is about to perish from panic!

"Okay," Shen Yuan says slowly, "I don’t like this, this is like those shitty comics where the main character has been kept in the dark-"

"You’re from another world," Xiang Fei blurts.

[WARNING: DATA EXPOSURE CONFIRMED]

Shen Yuan pauses.

“...Obviously? Why are you saying this, Jiu-ge is right there!"

"And this is that world. But also the other world."

"Airplane you idiot, what are you playing at!?"

"And the person whose body you—"

"Okay, you're doing this on purpose now—"

"—the person whose body you're in," Xiang Fei corrects, voice getting faster, slightly panicked now, "was him."

He points directly at Shen Jiu.

[WARNING: REALIZATION THRESHOLD APPROACHING—45%]

Silence.

Shen Yuan turns very slowly and looks at Shen Jiu.

Then back again.

"...No."

"Yuuuuppp...."

"No, that's not—no, that doesn't make sense, because I'm Shen Qingqiu."

"You're occupying Shen Qingqiu."

"No, this is my body. I occupIED Shen Qingqiu."

"You're Shen Yuan."

"Obviously! I am also technically Shen Qingqiu—"

"Enough."

Shen Jiu's voice cuts through the pitiful argument like Xiu Ya.

"I am Shen Jiu," he says, looking directly at Shen Yuan now. "The actual Shen Jiu, because for some reason you think that's apparently an extremely common name and this was all a coincidence."

The word lands differently this time.

[WARNING: REALIZATION THRESHOLD—60%]

"...No, you're not."

Shen Jiu's eye twitches.

"You're not." Shen Yuan insists, gesturing wildly now. "Because I lived that life, okay? I did the Peak Lord thing, I dealt with the protagonist, what am I even talking about, you don't know what Proud Immortal-"

"A-Yuan, he's telling the truth." Luo Binghe repeats softly.

"You think," Shen Jiu interrupts, standing now, slow and controlled, "that I, your brother, who is exactly like Peak Lord Shen Qingqiu, is not Shen Qingqiu? By the gods above, I was cursed with either an idiot, or a demon is possessing you!"

"Oh my god, here we go—"

'You think reading and living are the same?'

Xiang Fei starts shaking with the urge to spill everything.

'None of you are real!!! You're all characters! Except for Cucumber-bro!'

Alas, Liu Qingge and Shen Qingqiu would kill him.

"But-"

"Shut up."

Shen Yuan does not shut up.

"No, because if you were actually Shen Jiu, then that would mean you transmigrated here in a screwed up timeline—"

Shen Jiu grabs him, firmly enough to stop him mid-sentence.

"That would mean what," Shen Jiu asks quietly, "that I'm real and from another life at the same time?"

Shen Yuan opens his mouth.

"...Yeah?"

For a second, something flickers across Shen Jiu's face. Gone just as quickly.

"Idiot," he mutters, letting go.

[WARNING: REALIZATION THRESHOLD—72%]

Xiang Fei, meanwhile, is internally spiraling.

'This is it. This is the reveal. This is the moment. Do you understand how narratively significant this is? The original Shen Jiu, the actual source material, standing right th—'

His internal rant is cut off by the door opening.

Yue Qi, or should we say Yue Qingyuan, steps inside, gaze sweeping the room.

"What happened? Xiao-Jiu?"

Shen Yuan turns immediately, relief flooding his face. "Oh, thank god, you tell them they're being insane—"

Shen Jiu stares at him, snapping once more.

He grabs Shen Yuan again and starts strangling him.

"IDIOT," he hisses. "WE'RE ALL FROM THE SAME WORLD! YOU'RE THE OUTLIER."

Shen Yuan blinks.

"He's Yue Qingyuan, Zhangmen-Shixiong." Shen Jiu shakes him violently.

[WARNING: REALIZATION THRESHOLD—95%]

Silence.

"...Oh my god—but why? Why didn't I realize?"

[REALIZATION COMPLETE]

"YOU'RE ALL FAKERS!" Shen Yuan continues, pointing at everyone now, like a man off his meds. "YOU'RE ALL JUST PRETENDING YOU DIDN'T KNOW!"

"We are not pretending, Shen-Shixiong...and other Shen-Shixiong just made sense." Mu Qingfang says mildly.

Luo Binghe pries Shen Jiu off him before this escalates further, yanking Shen Yuan safely into his arms.

"Enough, let's all calm down now." Yue Qingyuan says quietly.

"Wait...do I call you Zhangmen-Shixiong instead?"

Yue Qingyuan smiled softly, "No, A-Yuan. You're still Xiao-Jiu's brother, even if I also know you as my Shidi."

Shen Jiu hides his own smile, relaxing his clenched fists.

"We need to leave, it's already getting late."

"Okay, wait, so you're actually Shen Qingqiu—but also not—but also yes. Wait, no, Shen Jiu—are those different since you're here now—?"

"Stop talking," Shen Jiu says.

"I can't stop talking, oh my god you're real—like actually real, wait I possessed you, I'm so sorry Jiu-ge!"

"But also your life sucked and I improved it."

"Shut—"

"A lot."

"UP."

"...It's fine," Shen Jiu mutters, looking away. "You're back with me, at least."

"...Aw, that's kinda cute Jiu-ge."

From where he stands by the cell door, Mu Qingfang glances back thoughtfully. "That explanation earlier, about entering a relative's body...was that related?"

Shen Yuan's brain short-circuits.

Wait.

Is that why the System said that? That and a family member had switched?

"...Yeah," he says slowly.

He attempts to ragebait his brother one final time.

"Yeah, that was Jiu-ge, obviously, totally normal family possession, happens all the time."

Chapter End Notes

Big edit!! This chapter has been reworked to include a scene I wrote but forgot to add in, I'm so sorry!! 😭

Okay so recap: Shen Yuan now knows that Shen Jiu and Yue Qi are Shen Qingqiu and Yue Qingyuan, but they don't know that they're characters in a story.

Hope this clears up any confusion for my current readers^^

Tysm for reading once again! Go check out my gf's works she's such a good writer 🥹

Also sorry for being late I was shopping the whole weekend 😢😢

SY: AHHH WHY DID A TAMPON APPEARRR
XF: ahahahahaah what if I told you i asked ur sister for a tampon to shove up my ass so all the nut wouldn't slip out-
SY: SHUT UP
XF: I kinda want more nut

Chapter 11: May The Heavens Spare Us.

Chapter Summary

Haitang...? You said your name was Shen Haitang?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for late update school is kicking my ass

No chapter warnings as far as I'm aware!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The limousine Shen Jiu had piled everyone into hummed quite quietly as it slipped through the city streets. The dark windows reflected bright neon signs and passing headlights, catching the awe of Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge. For the first time since being dragged out of that miserable moldy muck of a cell, no one was actively trying to kill anyone else.

This clearly made Yue Qi and Shen Jiu happy, and so kept the peace of everyone else. Surprisingly, there was a weird lack of lectures streaming from the mouth of Xiang Fei's most terrifying Shixiong.

Shen Jiu lounged with one arm thrown over the seatback, posture careless but eyes still sharp. Beside him sat Yue Qi, calm and attentive as always, occasionally glancing between the others like a father supervising his unruly children.

"Dawang, I'm hungry." Xiang Fei latched onto his husband, looking up at him with eyes pleasing enough to put Y/N to shame.

Mobei-Jun's palm glowed briefly before an icicle split from it. What weirdo doesn't like crunching and munching on ice?

Not Xiang Fei, that's for sure—since he loved it. Reminded him of home both in this world and the last. Of days spent with his mother here, who poured sugar on chunks of ice to keep him happy. And of days spent with Madam Shang in the northern areas of China, wrapping him in his coat and braiding his hair back as she told him not to eat ice for the fourth time that week.

Across from them, Xiang Fei stared out the window.

Cars passed in endless streams—people walking along the sidewalks, wrapped in coats. They were all laughing, arguing, living ordinary lives that had absolutely nothing to do with cultivation worlds, heavenly demons, or systems that scammed every b-buck outta ya.

Next to him, Mobei-Jun sat perfectly still, simply watching his husband chow down on some ice. Then his gaze shifted to the outside world. Outside the window, a young couple walked past. The man carried a little girl on his shoulders while the woman held his arm, smiling up at them both.

Mobei-Jun watched them for a moment.

Then his eyes slid toward Xiang Fei.

It was not subtle at all, Xiang Fei felt the weight of that stare and immediately looked anywhere else.

Nope.

Absolutely not acknowledging that.

If his king were to somehow find a way to impregnate Xiang Fei, he'd find out near immediately. That is if Luo Binghe hasn't found out a day prior.

Across the limo, Shen Yuan leaned forward with the grin of someone who had just discovered fresh gossip and was ready to stir the already flaming pot.

“So,” he said cheerfully, pointing between Shen Jiu and Yue Qi, “I really didn’t expect my brother to turn out gay and dating his best friend.”

Shen Jiu didn’t even look at him, simply barking out his second favorite words, “Shut up!"

Yue Qi coughed politely, "Yuan-di, don't tease A-Jiu."

"That makes three out of four though, Meimei likes both, I like Binghe, Jiu-ge likes men, and Da-ge probably likes the penguins he's stuck with all day." Shen Yuan giggled, and even Shen Jiu cracked a grin.

"Poor Mom and Dad, they won't have any grandchildren to spoil."

"Yeah well they weren't counting on you pulling any girls, that's for sure—"

Xiang Fei tilted his head, for the comment had sparked something in his brain. Shen Jiu and Yue Qi turned away, engaged in their own conversation. Binghe was playing evil footsies with Liu Qingge, where the two would swing kicks at each other if they thought Shen Yuan wasn't looking. Mu Qingfang was far too focused on the outside, his smile more relaxed than it ever had been.

“Actually,” he said slowly, “that reminds me.”

Shen Yuan immediately looked interested, turning to his friend.

“Ya’know,” Xiang Fei continued, squinting thoughtfully at Yue Qi, “what’s the lore?”

Shen Yuan looked bored again.

“Oh, he was friends with Jiu-ge back when we were all in foster care.”

Xiang Fei stared for a few moments, “You're adopted…”

He turned his head slightly.

“Who is related to who again dude?”

Shen Yuan stared at him like he had just said the stupidest sentence imaginable, “What are you on about? Qi-ge was adopted by another family. Jiu-ge and I are blood brothers.”

He began counting on his fingers.

“My Da-ge, Shen Yu, is the first adoptive son of our parents. And Haitang is my sister—she was adopted after us. We're all adoptive siblings except for Jiu-ge and I.”

Xiang Fei froze, clearly feeling a sense of dread and a strange sense of deja vu.

“Okay yeah I got that part.”

Then his brain clicked, “Hold on.”

His voice rose slightly in panic.

“Did you say your meimei’s name is Haitang?”

Shen Yuan rolled his eyes.

“Yes, idiot. Da-ge is a scientist in Antarctica, Qi-ge is studying medicine, Jiu-ge is a nature and biology expert, and Tang’er is a high school student.”

Xiang Fei’s face slowly drained of color.

“What was her name before she got adopted?”

Shen Yuan shrugged.

“I don’t know. My parents haven’t told me anything. And Jiu-ge gets all clammed up when I ask him.”

“Right,” Xiang Fei said weakly, “right. Good to know.”

Inside his head, however, he was panicking even more now.

'His sister is Qiu Haitang.'

'His brother is the scum villain, which luckily he knows now.'

'His adoptive brother is the Xuan Su sword.'

'And his other brother is all the way in Antarctica??'

Xiang Fei’s eyes flicked across the limo, taking in everyone's faces as he wracked his brains for a plan. Shen Jiu sat with his usual bored expression, clearly finished discussing whatever it was that he was discussing with Yue Qi.

They all definitely knew that Shen Yuan's literal vision is skewed.

"Hah...one last question. Why haven't we met your sister yet?"

Shen Yuan scratched his chin, "She's been at a friend's house, she'll be back tomorrow morning."

Xiang Fei felt beads of sweat drip down his face like in a cliche movie scene.

He glanced towards Luo Binghe, and found the man staring bullets into his soul.

With all the strength he had as Shen Yuan turned back to his boyfriend, Xiang Fei mouthed the words, "Distract him, we need to get back.”

Shen Jiu looked up at the mirror, blinking a few times when Xiang Fei glanced up.

Shen Yuan knew, but would he agree to go back?

—

By the time the limousine pulled through the tall gates of the Shen family estate, night had settled across the city. The mansion lights glowed warmly against the darkness, and Shen Yuan stretched.

“Finally home, I’m exhausted.” Before anyone else could speak in agreement, Luo Binghe leaned toward him with a gentle smile. Luo Binghe had the expression of a perfectly obedient boyfriend.

“Shizun should rest,” he said softly. “You’ve had a long day.”

Shen Yuan didn’t even question it, but everyone else was confused.

“Good idea Binghe, I'll go and sleep now."

Within a few minutes he had disappeared upstairs, hugging his mother goodnight.

Within twenty minutes he would likely be either scrolling on his phone or asleep.

The rest of them filtered into the hall, briefly greeting Qin Xiu before she went to bed as well.

"Okay—meeting, right now."

Shen Jiu scowled, but seemed to understand the urgency on Xiang Fei's face.

"Fine. Follow me."

Liu Qingge frowned as well, staying stiff as a board as the others began to walk off.

"Brute, aren't you coming?"

"Why?"

"Because Shang-Shidi is about to explode from fear, so I suppose we'd better hurry." As soon as he finished his sentence, Shen Jiu began inching slowly down the hallway. Xiang Fei almost cried from devastation at being burned so pathetically.

Liu Qingge picked up the pace.

Half an hour later, the remaining group gathered in a forgotten back room of the mansion.

"How big is your fucking house!?"

Dusty furniture had been pushed aside long ago, leaving a circle of mismatched chairs and dim light from a single lamp.

The moment the door shut, Shen Jiu spoke, colder than he was normally, which was a feat.

“Listen carefully.”

Every eye turned toward him.

“If any of you idiots mention the truth in front of my didi,” he said quietly, “I will personally make sure you regret being reborn.”

Mu Qingfang rubbed his temple, seemingly exhausted as always.

“That’s…not our biggest problem right now.”

"Yeah—" Xiang Fei cut in, "we have bigger fish to fry."

Mu Qingfang continued, "I know what everyone's thinking judging by their staring at the only two demons in the room. If we attempt to create a portal between worlds, the strain on the dimensional boundary could be deadly to everyone involved.”

Liu Qingge crossed his arms, uninterested in the metaphysics.

“Do we have to use demonic cultivation? I'd rather stay here."

“With Shen Yuan,” he clarified flatly. “Someone needs to protect him.”

Yue Qi sighed softly, but Yue Qingyuan folded his hands together.

“We should focus on safe solutions.”

Luo Binghe leaned against the wall.

“If power is the issue,” he said calmly, “then we need to gather power.”

Mobei-Jun nodded, “Large population,” he said.

“Energy siphoning means higher power and increased safety,” Luo Binghe continued.

"Our ability to create portals depends on how much yang energy we can use, it increases the amount of people we can bring through."

Mu Qingfang looked horrified, “You absolutely cannot risk—”

“Relax,” Xiang Fei interrupted quickly. “We’re not draining anyone to death.”

"Well go on then, Shidi, pick a place."

Xiang Fei tapped his chin thoughtfully, then his eyes lit up.

“…Wait.”

A slow grin spread across his face.

“What about a theme park?”

“A what?” Mu Qingfang asked.

“A theme park,” Xiang Fei repeated. “Thousands of people in one place. Tons of emotional energy. Fear, excitement, and adrenaline all in one—”

Luo Binghe’s briefly smiled. “Ah, that means Yuan can have some last minute fun, right?"

Mobei-Jun nodded again, apparently accepting the solution.

Shen Jiu stared at Xiang Fei.

“…You’re suggesting we take everyone to a theme park.”

“Yes.”

“And trick A-Yuan into coming.”

“Yes.”

“And secretly open a portal to another world.”

“…Yes?”

"And drag all of us back."

Xiang Fei shivered under the glare, simply nodding.

Shen Jiu leaned back in his chair. For a moment he said nothing.

Because beneath the irritation, something else stirred in his chest.

If they succeeded—he would return.

To his true body, to Qing Jing Peak. To Ning Yingying, his disciples, even Ming Fan. His jiejie's from the brothel. And this time, he could have both Yue Qi and Shen Yuan with him. He could keep his precious brother safe.

The thought felt strange.

And then there was Shen Yuan.

If Shen Yuan stayed here, he would be safer. Safe with the parents that Shen Jiu could never take away from him.

Despite his cold attitude, Shen Jiu wanted to bring their parents with him. And the brother they had shared growing up, and their sister. All of them. Their prickly rich grandmother they saw during family gatherings, their uncles and aunts, everyone.

Shen Jiu closed his eyes briefly.

Haitang couldn't come. Shen Yu couldn't come. Neither could their father or mother.

“…Fine,” he said at last.

The plan was this set, they would say their goodbyes tomorrow and return home.

That is, if this plan works.

—

Upstairs, completely unaware of the existential plot forming beneath his bedroom floor, Shen Yuan lay comfortably in bed.

His phone glowed in the darkness. On the screen was the familiar interface of Archive of Our Own.

He scrolled lazily through fanfiction tags.

“Hmm,” he muttered, "nothing good..."

He glanced around, realizing he'd been reading for over an hour, and Binghe still wasn't up yet.

Huh. Weird

—

Xiang Fei had spent the night sleeping on his personal cooling mattress, (his husband) upon his favorite pillows (ice titties).

Despite the Shen estate having enough rooms to house the whole government, Shen Jiu had still tricked his own mother into believing they liked sleeping on the floor! Only Mu Qingfang had been given lenience and been able to sleep on the couch, probably due to his immensely un-cancelable aura.

Liu Qingge spent the whole night sleeping standing up like a horse. With only a few minutes to drag clothes on, they all hurried downstairs for food.

Sunlight poured through the tall dining room windows, spreading across polished wood floors and a table already set with more dishes than a normal household could reasonably eat in one sitting. The private chef moved cheerfully around the table, placing bowls of congee, plates of dumplings, fried eggs, steamed buns, fruit, and tea as if preparing for a banquet.

Qin Xiu supervised, pointing to each place each dish should sit. Shen Yuan, Shen Jiu, and Yue Qi were already sitting, the latter two sweating bullets hoping none of the gang would out them.

“Make sure there’s enough tea,” she said sweetly. “My sons’ friends are staying over.”

One by one, the group filtered into the dining room. However, Xiang Fei had barely taken two steps inside when he froze.

Because someone else had just entered through the opposite doorway.

A girl with long black hair tied in a rumpled ponytail walked in, still wearing a wrinkled school cardigan over her uniform blouse. She yawned softly and rubbed her eyes like someone who had stayed up too late studying and had fallen asleep in said uniform.

Then she noticed the crowded table, “…Woah.”

Her eyes widened.

“Mom, when did we become a hotel?”

Before anyone could respond, she smiled brightly and hurried forward.

“Gege!”

She wrapped her arms around Shen Yuan first. Shen Yuan barely had time to react before being squeezed tightly, remembering his sister took judo lessons.

“Morning, Tang’er,” he laughed, patting her head as he wheezed.

Qin Xiu whipped around, "Tang'er, your brother is sick—don't squeeze him too tightly."

Shen Haitang stuck her tongue out playfully as she rushed to the next person. “Jiu-ge!”

She hugged Shen Jiu next without hesitation.

Shen Jiu stiffened for a fraction of a second before awkwardly patting her shoulder.

“…Morning, meimei.”

From the corner of the room, Xiang Fei felt his soul nearly leave his body.

That’s her. That is absolutely her!

His brain screamed in agony as an author of countless plot holes that had somehow all ended up here.

Qiu Haitang.

Just younger, happier, and sweeter. A girl who had grown up loved instead of swallowed by tragedy.

Now she was simply Shen Haitang—a normal high school student in her final years before university. She stepped back and looked around curiously at the unfamiliar faces.

“Wow, Jiu-ge,” she said. “You never told me you had so many friends.”

"They aren't mine." The man scowled.

Xiang Fei still hadn’t moved, Liu Qingge noticing him first.

"Why is he frozen?”

Mu Qingfang glanced over.

"Shock at something, maybe?”

Shen Haitang tilted her head. “Hello?” she said politely, waving a hand in front of Xiang Fei's glazed over eyes.

Xiang Fei snapped upright like someone had been struck by lightning.

“HI!"

Everyone jumped slightly, the dishes clattering a little.

“I mean—good morning,” he said, quickly saving his ass.

Shen Haitang giggled, “Well, good morning to you too.”

She sat down cheerfully, reaching past Yue Qi for a bun.

As they all sat down, none of them mentioned the way Xiang Fei looked like he had just seen a ghost.

A few moments later, heavy footsteps sounded from the staircase.

'Same footsteps you'd expect from a Disney villain...'

A man entered the dining room adjusting the cuffs of his shirt. He looked to be in his late forties, tall and somewhat lean, with a thoughtful expression and thin, scholarly features.

The resemblance was immediate, despite the actual lack of blood shared.

Xiang Fei's brain screamed again, that is literally Cucumber-bro in twenty years!

The man looked around the table in mild confusion, "Oh," he said warmly. "Guests."

"Well, good morning everyone."

Shen Yuan waved lazily.

"Morning, Dad."

Shen Hong nodded approvingly of the somewhat tidy people (minus Xiang Fei's ruffled mop) sitting around his rimu wood dining table.

"Friends from university, Yuan'er?"

"Yeah..." Shen Yuan replied.

Shen Hong walked around the table, greeting them with the polite friendliness of a man who knew business etiquette very well but had absolutely no idea what was going on socially.

"I'm Shen Hong," he said. "Welcome to our home."

He paused, "If you stay long enough, you'll learn my wife runs everything."

From across the room Qin Xiu gave him a look. Shen Hong coughed fakely and sat down.

Xiang Fie began staring, because the resemblance was almost uncanny.

Shen Yuan had inherited his father's narrow face, thoughtful eyes, and the faint air of someone who looked like they should be lecturing in a classroom instead of sitting at a breakfast table. Despite the fact that both weren't related one bit, they still looked so similar.

Even the way Shen Hong picked up his tea had the same calm, teacherly grace of Shen Qingqiu himself.

Except where Shen Yuan radiated nothing but rich asshole nerd…Shen Hong felt more like a quiet mathematician who had accidentally become extremely rich.

—

At the far end of the table, Mobei-Jun sat silently.

No one noticed when something flickered in the corner of his vision.
A faint translucent screen appeared only for him.

[System has finished rebooting: Mission Progress Updated]

"Why haven't you appeared prior to this?"

The system conveniently ignored him.

[Primary Task: Understand Shang Qinghua. Completion Rate: 90% >•<]

[Congratulations user (≧▽≦) Reward Issued: 1000 B-Points!!! Yippie! Yippie! Yippie!]

Mobei-Jun furrowed his brows in confusion, but the voice continued.

[Excellent work, User. Emotional analysis of Target Shang Qinghua has reached 90%, four other tasks have been completed! New task issued: "Home Sweet Home" User must find a way back to original world without being found out.]

Mobei-Jun frowned slightly.

[System is rooting for you! -(> Δ <)-]

"Why 90?"

He had already determined that Shang Qinghua was loud, cowardly, strange, dramatic, and extremely attached to him, as was he to his beloved.

What remained?

He asked the question bluntly.

The system paused.

Then the message changed.

[Further information will unlock upon reaching remaining emotional milestones.]

Mobei-Jun’s confusion deepened.

"Remaining milestones?"

But the System had disappeared, breaking the privacy Mobei-Jun had.

Across the table, Xiang Fei was currently trying very hard not to stare at Shen Haitang like she was a resurrected historical artifact.

The system flickered again briefly.

[Host is advised to continue observing Target Shang Qinghua for deeper emotional understanding. Wink wink. (͡°ᴥ͡° ʋ)]

Mobei-Jun glanced sideways, Xiang Fei was whispering something panicked to Mu Qingfang.

Mobei-Jun looked back at the notification.

"…Hn."

The system quietly disappeared again.

Somewhere in the background, unseen by everyone else at the table, a new line of text briefly flashed.

[Final milestone pending...Character Story unblocked: Xiang Cheng]

Then it vanished.

Chapter End Notes

Edit: this chapter has been reworked as well since I was able to add in the reveal scene, so sorry to anyone who has already read past this point!

Kay only about 2-3 chapters left, we're almost done! I lwk feel sad for Shen Yuan's parents because like all of their kids are just never gonna come home 🥺 Shen Hong finally introduced aurafarmer... Also yes Shen Jiu misses his kids and yingying hes been itching to go back

And yes Xiang Fei eats ice and hates his own characters sometimes

Chapter 12: Please buy me mcdonalds

Chapter Summary

> Xiang Fei begins to crack under the weight of knowing everything, and Mobei-Jun has since realized that Xiang Fei is more important than he appears.

Chapter Notes

> I think now it's the time to tell you all that this is angst pretending to be comedy so be prepared for the next chapter 🥹 also you guys get a treat, two chapters at once yippie!
>
> No chapter warnings apart from mentions of mcdonalds 😢😢

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yue Qingyuan did not sleep that night after the meeting, the familiar quiet of the Shen household pressing against him. It was so different from the windswept stillness of Cang Qiong Mountain, so different from the weight of years he had once carried. Here, the silence felt gentle - except that made it harder to bear.

He sat at the edge of the bed for a long while, hands loosely clasped, gaze lowered, listening to nothing at all. Across the room, Shen Jiu stood by the window, half lit by the outside lamp's glow, his reflection faint against the glass. He hadn’t moved in minutes, one hand clutching one of the fans he still loved to collect.

"Stop thinking so intensely, you'll explode." Shen Jiu muttered at last in irritation.

Yue Qingyuan laughed softly, "that's the same thing you told Yuan and Tang'er when they were little."

Silence returned, stretching between them—not uncomfortable, but heavy with things neither of them said easily. They struggled to speak, struggled to understand one another. Even after a whole second lifetime.

Then Shen Jiu spoke again, quieter this time, as if the words had slipped out before he could stop them. "Does he know he is me? That he existed in the body that carries more scars than this one does?"

Yue Qi frowned, "Xiao-Jiu-"

"I want to take them with us."

Yue Qingyuan’s gaze lifted. "Them?"

"My...family." Shen Jiu didn’t turn. His voice remained flat- if bored- but something in it betrayed his true emotions. "All of them."

Yue Qingyuan understood immediately, and that understanding sat like a stone in his chest. "We can’t."

"I know."

Shen Jiu’s hand pressed lightly against the glass, fingers curling as if he could grasp something beyond it. "I know," he repeated, softer, as if to himself. For a moment, he looked smaller—not physically, but in a way Yue Qingyuan remembered too well.

Not the peak lord, not the scum he had been named , but the boy who had never been allowed to keep anything he loved.

"I love them, Qi-ge. They are one of the first things that have been given to me to love- one of the first things that have loved me in return."

Yue Qingyuan rose and stepped closer, stopping just behind him, close enough that their shadows overlapped in the reflection.

He did not touch him. He never forced contact where Shen Jiu might reject it. "Wherever you go," he whispered, "I will follow."

Shen Jiu scoffed, but there was no real bite in it. "Obviously, where else would you go?"

Still, his shoulders loosened just slightly, tension easing in a way only Yue Qingyuan ever seemed capable of coaxing from him.

"Qi-ge...will they hate me when I go back?"

Yue Qi enveloped him in a hug, clutching his Shen Jiu tightly.

"No," he said, reassuringly. "They have missed the you that left, and they love the you that appeared. Both can exist in balance."

Shen Jiu breathed deeply.

"Stupid Qi-ge, saying stupid things." But he still hugged back, a smile creeping across his face.

—

Elsewhere, the air was far less warm with love. Xiang Fei paced the hallway like a man waiting for his own execution, muttering half formed thoughts under his breath as his fingers tugged restlessly at his sleeves.

His mind wouldn’t slow down—couldn’t slow down.

Every piece of information collided violently with the next, spiraling into something too large to contain. He didn’t notice Mobei-Jun at first. Few people ever did, until it was too late and he was already behind you.

Xiang Fei had known this was coming, feared that it was coming. He was terrified.

What if Mobei-Jun left him? Killed him? Hated him?

No, Xiang Fei couldn't bear that.

He would die without Mobei-Jun.

But when he had rambled to himself about everything that had happened, had been able to explain away so many things, his husband had obviously gotten suspicious.

Mobei-Jun ached for more information about Shang Qinghua, about Xiang Fei.

He knew Shang Qinghua, knew the bare minimum of where he grew up and how his life was.

But Xiang Fei? He knew a father, and that was it.

He knew his beloved lived in a shit house with shit walls and mold growing, and that the only connection with his father that he had was through a glowing brick.

Mobei-Jun was confused about this world, this world subtly frightened him. With its beasts, its money, its way of life, clothes, and even food.

He was weirded out by each part of it.

But this was apparently his beloved's home world.

Which meant he wasn't from here, and Mobei-Jun had swallowed that information and accepted it. But it had bubbled up with a million questions the demon didn't know how to word.

And so he only said one.

"Explain."

The single word cut cleanly through the noise thrumming in Xiang Fei's head.

Xiang Fei froze mid-step, shoulders going rigid before he slowly turned.

"...Haa...what does Dawang mean?"

Mobei-Jun did not respond verbally, but his cold silence was enough. Xiang Fei let out a weak, humorless laugh. "Great. Fantastic. Love that for me."

For a moment, neither spoke. Xiang Fei trembled, each plan he had to tell Mobei-Jun thrown out the window.

He wanted to run, to rush out the door and run as far as he could.

He wanted his father, maybe even his mother.

Xiang Fei was a coward, and cowards always crack.

"I didn't mean for this!" Xiang Fei blurted, voice cracking under the strain. "None of this was supposed to be real—you weren't supposed to be real! I wrote you. I made all of you. Your world, your lives, your suffering—everything! And then I get thrown into it like some kind of joke and suddenly you're here and I—" He choked on the words, rambling and yelling, breath stuttering. "I don't even know what that makes me. I don't know what I am anymore!"

The confession hung in the air, raw and unpolished, stripped of any attempt at humor or deflection.

It was not explained in vague terms or hidden behind Xiang Fei deflecting by seducing. It was not hidden behind laughter or false promises, nor lies.

No, this was not a lie.

For once, Xiang Fei didn't try to hide behind jokes. He simply stood there, shaking, waiting for anger—for rejection—for something.

'Don't leave me.' He furiously thought.

'Please don't leave me.'

Mobei-Jun stepped forward, and Xiang Fei flinched instinctively, bracing for impact. Please —this body was not strong enough to be beaten.

Instead, a hand settled at the back of his neck. Unyielding, yet not cruel.

"You are confusing, Shang Qinghua. Mobei-Jun said.

"And sometimes, I do not understand you."

Xiang Fei let out a strangled laugh that bordered on hysterical. "That's what you got from that?"

"But that does not stop me from wanting to understand you."

"I do not care where you come from, only that you do not change, A-Fei."

That was what undid Xiang Fei.

Not anger, nor accusation.

Xiang Fei’s breath caught, his thoughts stuttering into something softer, something fragile.

"You’re not supposed to say that," he whispered, tears welling in his eyes. "You’re supposed to hate me. I literally designed your entire existence, I created those who harmed you."

Mobei-Jun did not let go. If anything, his grip tightened slightly. "In doing that, you gave me you."

The words settled somewhere deep, somewhere Xiang Fei couldn’t quite name. His heart slowed as his head cleared, and he felt a sense of calm.

For a moment, everything else faded—the fear, the guilt, the overwhelming weight of what he had done.

If he was the one who created this world, then why did it feel like he was the one being held together by it?

Why did this—this impossible person he had once written into existence—feel more real than anything else he had ever known?

The thought fractured into something else entirely, something distant and aching.

He was smaller again, back in his middle school uniform.

Standing in a kitchen that smelled faintly burnt, fingers clutching at his mother’s sleeve as he gathered the courage to speak.

He remembered the way his voice had trembled when he said it, the way the words felt too big for his mouth.

He remembered the silence that followed.

And then the slap.

He remembered the way her expression had hardened, the way she screamed curses upon him.

The way his father had stepped in—to save him from her sudden wrath.

She dismissed him, saw him as something shameful. The most she ever said was that she'd pray for him.

He remembered her glares, the way it drove him to tears. He remembered the way he wrote on a little scrap of paper that he was sorry for sinning, that he'd be better.

He remembers her dragging him to church, seeing the aunties and uncles who had once been so kind glaring at him as well.

Maybe the reason why he wrote such heinous porn was to convince himself that it was more normal than whatever he was.

He remembered the arguments that followed, the way they tore each other apart, the way it became his fault.

By the time the divorce came, he had already learned to disappear.

His father gave him space after that. Too much space. An apartment of his own, quiet and empty, filled only with the sound of his own thoughts. So he filled it with something else.

Worlds that bent to his will, characters that lived and breathed exactly as he intended them to.

And at first, there had been an ice prince—beautiful and as cold as the powers that define him.

A character who could never be hurt the way he had been. But perfection didn't sell, only the mainstream did. So he changed it, rewrote it into something louder and darker in nature.

Proud Immortal Demon Way was born from his willingness to fit in, but Mobei-Jun was born from his desire to be who he was without being shamed for it.

He never deleted the ice prince. He couldn't. He simply moved him aside.

Mobei-Jun had been his first creation, his favorite.

Luo Binghe had been his second, everyone's favorite.

His pride.

And his joy.

"…Did you make me?" Mobei-Jun asked.

Xiang Fei blinked, dragged back to the present. "…Yeah," he admitted quietly. "You were always my favorite." A pause. "Don't tell the others about this."

"This Lord will not." Mobei-Jun wrapped him in a tight embrace, bringing their lips together.

[Ding! Congratulations, congratulations, congratulations! Important things must be said three times. Excellent work, User. Emotional analysis of Target Shang Qinghua has reached 100%! Main goal completed! (≧▽≦) System is so proud!!! One mission remaining: "Home Sweet Home." Wishing User luck~]

Mobei-Jun brushed the useless message away, but something in his heart felt full at the fact that he now understood his husband. All of his husband.

There was something almost absurdly normal about that exchange, considering everything else.

Xiang Fei huffed weakly, then, before he could overthink it, leaned forward.

For once, Xiang Fei didn’t feel like a creator or a god or a mistake.

He was someone.

—

The sun rose on what everyone assumed would be the last day of this strange world.

The normalcy of it was almost unbearable. The clatter of dishes from the cook, the quiet conversation, the steady rhythm of a family beginning their day as if nothing were about to happen.

Then Shen Jiu stood, wiping his mouth on a tissue.

He crossed the room and pulled his mother into a hug, a rare occurrence that normally happened at funerals or when Qin Xiu hugged him first.

"…Thank you Mom," he said.

Qin Xiu froze completely, her expression shifting rapidly from confusion to alarm.

Shen Hong stared, equally stunned. "Are you alright? Did something happen? Are you planning to drive off a bridge?"

Qin Xiu hugged him back, tears slipping down her face rapidly.

"Jiu-ge?" Haitang’s voice wavered, clearly believing the same as her father.

Shen Jiu scowled faintly, irritated by their reaction. "I’m not suicidal," he snapped, but the bite was dulled. Then he turned and pulled Haitang into a hug as well, more carefully this time, one hand resting lightly against the back of her head. He smiled—actually smiled—against her hair, and that alone was enough to send the entire room into silent panic.

Why was Shen Jiu of all people doing shit like this!?

The other Shen-Shixiong was normally so prickly and cold, but this was such a warm show of affection.

After all, Shen Jiu had been brought into this home kicking and screaming. It had taken two years for him to allow Qin Xiu to hold him, and seven for him to even hold a proper conversation with Shen Hong.

He was already eighteen when he called the man "Dad" leaving Shen Hong bawling.

Now, Shen Jiu turned to the man who had raised him, and slowly held out his arms.

He had never embraced Shen Hong.

And now, his father stumbled forwards before hugging Shen Jiu back. It was a brief one, loose in nature, but Shen Jiu did not freeze nor pull away.

"A-Jiu..."

"We'll be gone for a few hours." Shen Jiu told his parents, grabbing his keys and turning towards the door.

"Have fun." Qin Xiu whispered, still in awe.

Yue Qingyuan watched it all quietly before stepping forward, offering his thanks with polite sincerity. Shen Jiu clicked his tongue, as if annoyed by the sentiment, before turning sharply toward Shen Yuan. "A-Yuan. Say goodbye."

Shen Yuan looked up from his phone where he was showing Binghe a video. "What—why?"

"We're going on a trip."

"…Oh." He shrugged easily. "Bye, Mom, bye, Dad."

They smiled as they waved goodbye, and Shen Jiu felt his stomach twist.

Shen Yuan realized what this goodbye meant, he grabbed his boyfriend's hand, heading out to Shen Jiu's car.

The car ride felt lighter than it probably should have.

They pulled up at the McDonalds drive through, Shen Jiu deciding to treat everyone by politely (demanding) asking what they wanted.

"Ooh ooh! I want a double Big Mac, fries and a coke!" Xiang Fei launched forwards, already drooling. "Please." He quickly added on.

"Fatass." Shen Yuan muttered.

Shen Jiu gave up quickly when he realized half of them had no idea what a McDonalds was.

"Two McChickens, five big macs with fries, and seven cokes."

The lady at the drive through nodded, thanking him for ordering.

When Liu Qingge and Xiang Fei got their food, they were the ones who demolished it the quickest. Liu Qingge was shocked at the amount of salt, but ate it like a starving man given

fresh bread.

Mu Qingfang examined it cautiously, feeling the pattie for any poison that this world might carry.

"How did they have the food ready so quickly?" Luo Binghe asked, chewing his fries.

"It's pre-made, they just heat it up." Shen Yuan answered.

"Not as good as my food, right Yuan?" The demon Emperor said, turning miserable puppy eyes on his susceptible Shizun.

Shen Jiu made a face, fake vomiting into the burger that Yue Qi was feeding him.

Chapter End Notes

Oooo see the amount of chapters yeah there's like two left....

Chapter 13: Pick a God and Pray.

Chapter Summary

The Autumn has appeared.

Chapter Notes

Chapter warnings: implied rape/sexual assault, confirmed rape of a minor, mentions of kidnapping, panic attacks etc, please be mindful of this chapter!

Also, multiple p.o.v's in this one guys

Wowowow this is the last one before the big finale yay 🥹 its been...wait let me get my fingers out like 5 months since I started this woah

EDIT: !!!!!! Please go back to chapters 10-11 and reread, there's been new scenes added and conversations tweaked! Thank youuuu

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The amusement park loomed up ahead, the three unknowing lads shocked at the huge, brightly colored buildings and noises.

Everyone piles out, Shen Jiu leading them all like a line of sheep towards the ticket booth.

"Six-hundred dollars!?? What kind of scam—!"

Yue Qi drags Shen Jiu back, leaving the man to scratch furiously at his back like a frustrated cat.

Ah, praise everything for Zhangmen-Shixiong!

Xiang Fei also looks around, excited. He's never even been to a park like this! Only the dog park when his dad thought to take him there.

Shen Yuan pushes his sticky husband off him, the two clutching their own tickets. Shen Jiu hustles them through the gate, pulling the group out of the way of other visitors.

"Right, while we're here. No running off, no yelling, no disappearing, no weird questions towards anyone, no talking to strangers, ask to go on rides, no—"

Liu Qingge crossed his arms in boredom as Shen Yuan scowled.

"What, so no fun?"

Shen Jiu whipped his head around to scold his brother, leaving Yue Qi to subtly signal for Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge to follow him.

They would be in charge of placing talismans everywhere to start the portal, while Mobei-Jun and Luo Binghe gathered Yang energy.

"Ah. The brute can stay."

Liu Qingge scowls, but turns around to stay behind.

"Why? We can...cover more ground if we split up." He barks, hand at his waist as if holding an imaginary sword.

"Shidi—I mean—Qingge, please don't argue." Shen Yuan smiles sweetly, and Liu Qingge jumps out of his skin at his first name being used. His ears burn slightly, and he stays stock still as Shen Yuan finishes glaring at his brother.

Shen Jiu looked disgusted at the amount of dogs lapping at his innocent baby brother.

Luo Binghe's eyes are burning holes in Liu Qingge's flesh, but he immediately switches up as soon as Shen Yuan swivels 'round to face him.

"Binghe, we're leaving this idiot and going on a ride—come on!"

Luo Binghe looked delighted, and anyone walking past could practically see his tail wagging as he followed his Shizun.

Shen Jiu groans, "No! Pick something we can all go on."

Xiang Fei gestures towards one of the rides, a looping one with several high drops.

Twenty minutes later after failing to brave the heat, Shen Jiu hails a worker and bribes them to move the group further up the line.

Xiang Fei clutches Mobei-Jun's hand, rambling on about all the cool rides and what he's excited for.

"Theres the suncatcher, that one throws you super high in the air! Oh, oh! Or the big drop—”

Shen Yuan cuts him off, "We're going, so get in!"

All of a sudden, Xiang Fei is quivering alongside Liu Qingge for some reason.

Not because it’s dangerous—Shen Yuan had insisted it was "mid-tier at best, like a warm-up"—but because no one had thought to explain what "drops" meant to the three non-ridegoers.

The carriage climbs slowly.

Click. Click. Click.

The entire group sits in varying states of emotion, Shen Yuan talking cheerfully to Binghe. Of course he is, sap!

"It’s fine, it’s fine, it just goes up and then it goes down a bit, and then—"

“Hey, what is this!? Some kind of Danganronpa execution—fuck—is that damned bear somehow around?”

Xiang Fei slapped his hands against his head in panic.

“Oh my gods—is the system monokuma!?”

He doesn't get to finish the rest of his theory, as they reach the end of the road.

The cart tips, just enough that the horizon tilts and the ground feels far too far away. Their stomachs all lurch, and Mobei-Jun physically lets out a smidge of power to freeze his own ass to his seat.

Liu Qingge, who has faced demons, war, and death itself without flinching grips the bar as hard as he possibly can.

“…Is there a button to stop this?" He grumbles.

Another click.

Higher they go, wind cutting sharply against their faces.

“Shizun, this husband doesn't like the look of this—”

Suddenly, the cart plunges in a stomach lurching drop that rips the breath clean outta every living being in the cart.

Shen Yuan screams, clinging to Binghe and Shen Jiu.

Liu Qingge is left to clutch the bar, eyes screwed tightly shut in terror.

A child starts laughing loudly from the ground as they zoom past.

Liu Qingge loses his mind, finally letting out a scream that gets quickly lost in the wind.

"WHAT IS THIS!?"

The words are torn apart by the wind as the cart dives, rises, twists, and loops upside down. Then it finally slows, rolling back into place like nothing happened at all.

"…Liu-shidi?"

No response.

Mu Qingfang is already there by the time the bar lifts, kneeling slightly, fingers pressing lightly at Liu Qingge’s wrist.

Like a magical being, Yue Qi also appears, smiling warmly as he asks them if they had fun.

"Ah," the doctor hums softly, entirely unsurprised. "His pulse is… enthusiastic to say the least."

Liu Qingge stares straight ahead, eyes unfocused, "I think I saw my ancestors."

"Deep breaths." Mu Qingfang replies calmly.

"I will not be riding that again, Shixiong." He mutters in Shen Yuan and Shen Jiu's direction.

"Of course not."

By the time they reach the next set of rides, the group has… diversified.

Liu Qingge remains firmly on the ground, following Mu Qingfang and Yue Qi away to place talismans everywhere.

Mu Qingfang, for reasons known only to himself, stays with him, occasionally offering snacks and checking his pulse like this is now a long-term condition.

Nearby, Mobei-Jun stands like a shadow, deciding to refuse the ride and watch Xiang Fei go on it instead.

Xiang Fei lingers beside him, glancing between the rides and the people with a strange, thoughtful look.

"…You are not going?" Mobei-Jun asks.

Xiang Fei shrugs lightly. "Meh."

"…It’s more fun watching."

Mobei-Jun nods, "Lets find another one."

Somewhere else entirely, Shen Yuan is dragging Luo Binghe by the wrist. Shen Jiu followed gloomily behind.

"Come on, come on, we’re going on that one!"

"It'll quicken your heart rate. You only took your meds a few hours ago."

The next ride looks more promising.

"This one, this one!"

"No."

"Jiu-ge..."

But Shen Jiu doesn't waver.

"Go on that cute one, where I can make sure you two aren't being weird."

...

"You're trying to kill me, aren't you?"

The ride in question is, in fact, aggressively cute, with its pastel colors and soft music. Large teacups with seats on either side spin slowly around, occupied with family or young teens being romantic.

Little painted animals decorate the sides.

Luo Binghe steps onto it, sitting across from Shen Yuan.

"Sit, sit—no, you have to hold on or it'll look weird."

"Shizun, can we build one of these back on Qing Jing Peak?"

Shen Yuan smiles, nodding.

The ride begins, and Shen Yuan's expression changes into a heavy frown. His glare zeroes in on his smug brother, watching them spin around from his place sat at a bench.

Luo Binghe watches him, tension in his back fading.

The soft lights illuminate Shen Yuan's face, and Luo Binghe beams happily. He's so beautiful, so perfect.

This ride is the perfect speed to just look at his husband, so he accepted it.

—

Further away, Yue Qi presses a talisman flat against the back of a painted signpost.

His movements are quick enough that no one notices, each placement carefully calculated.

Mu Qingfang stands nearby, sleeves slightly pushed back, brush in hand as he finishes the last stroke of another talisman.

"You're spacing them unevenly," Mu Qingfang says without looking up.

"This one is accounting for the different flows of energy," Yue Qingyuan replies mildly.

"There is no ‘flow’ here, Shixiong." The doctor sighs. "I'm not the best with talismans, it's Fei-Shimei that specializes in them. But this flow is chaotic. You adjust for density, not direction."

Yue Qingyuan pauses, before adjusting the talisman. "Thanking Shidi for the suggestion."

To anyone else, the papers look like nothing.

To them, it is a structure slowly forming—threading through the entire park.

In the distance, Shen Yuan’s voice carries across the park.

"BINGHE, YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO STAY IN YOUR SEAT—STOP LEANING OVER THE RAILING!"

"BEAST! GET BACK IN THE SEAT!"

Yue Qingyuan’s lips curve into a smile.

But they are running on borrowed time.

And so he and his martial brothers move towards the final two areas, as the rest regroup to distract Shen Yuan.

—

They are still arguing when it happens.

It’s nothing important—something small, something stupid, the kind of bickering that fills space without meaning anything. Shen Yuan is mid-sentence, hands moving as he talks with his brother, the two yelling about waiting times for rides when a voice cuts through the noise of the park.

"A-Jiu." Someone calls out.

Something about this voice…precise. Like a blade sliding against its sheath.

Shen Jiu stops dead in his tracks, the group silencing their own conversations.

He doesn't stop normally, like someone does when they hear their name in public.

He stops the way a body does when something ancient and instinctive seizes control.

Then he turns, and everything in the Great Qing Jing Peak Lord collapses.

The color drains from his face so quickly it looks unreal, like ink being pulled from paper. His pupils shrink, then widen, breath catching in his throat in a sharp, broken inhale that never quite finishes. For a moment, he doesn't move at all.

He hurls himself backwards, away from the others, shaking his head in disbelief.

His heel catches slightly against the ground, and he stumbles—not enough to fall, but enough that it shouldn't have happened at all. Shen Jiu does not usually stumble.

Luo Binghe watches in confusion, why is Shen Qingqiu so horrified?

His former Shizun is an elegant and cold man, even now in a modern body. Shen Jiu does not stumble, and nor has he ever shown fear.

Shen Yuan's voice breaks through. "Gege?"

But Shen Jiu isn't listening, because that man is walking towards him.

Unhurried, like he knows there's no need to rush.

Because Shen Jiu is trapped in his place, like a person stuck in his own body.

Nobody else around him moves, Xiang Fei and Mobei-Jun just as confused as Luo Binghe and Shen Yuan.

The crowd parts around the stranger without realizing it, people shifting just slightly, unconsciously, as if something in their bodies recognizes the presence of this person and steps aside for it. No one looks directly at him for long. No one lingers, hurrying their wives and children past.

The air itself feels dead around this man, like rot seeping out of a corpse.

But Shen Jiu cannot look away.

The man smiles.

It is a soft expression, almost pleasant at first glance—but it stretches just a fraction too far, lingers just a fraction too long. His eyes don't match it. They are fixed, hungry in nature.

"You look lovely, Jiu'er. You've grown up so much."

The nickname lands strangely, it's not spoken in the loving way that Shen Jiu's family says it.

It drips from his mouth, weirdly familiar to Shen Yuan in a way that makes his mind hurt.

"It's like fate that we were able to meet again," he continues, tilting his head slightly as he studies him. "Don't you think?"

He takes another step forward, and Shen Jiu's breath quickens.

Too shallow, too uneven, like his lungs have forgotten how to work properly. His hands twitch at his sides, fingers curling inward like he doesn’t know where to put them, what to do with them, how to exist in his own body.

"No," he whispers.

It barely comes out.

"Gege?" Shen Yuan drops beside him, alarm rising rapidly now as he grabs his shoulders. "What’s wrong? Who is that—"

"Don’t—!"

The force of it is sudden.

Shen Jiu slaps his hand away.

Not violently, of course not.

But enough, enough that Shen Yuan freezes, shock flickering across his face.

Enough that Luo Binghe’s gaze sharpens instantly.

Because that—that is wrong. Shen Qingqiu wouldn't dare harm his brother, especially in a moment where Shen Yuan is clearly worried out of his mind.

Shen Jiu is still backing away, but he doesn't seem to realize he's doing it.

Each step is small, unsteady, his gaze locked on the man as if looking away would make something worse happen.

His lips move, but the words tangle together, breaking apart before they fully form.

"No—no, don’t—don’t come closer—!"

The man hums softly, as if amused at the sight.

As if this is all exactly as expected.

Shen Yuan's expression turns to ice as he rises up in the posture that he had as a Peak Lord.

"Who are you?" Luo Binghe can practically see the fan waving sharply before the man, and the stranger stops.

"My name is Jianluo," he says, voice smooth, almost warm- if not for the way it clings, the way it slides over the skin like something made of slime.

His gaze flicks briefly to Shen Yuan, lingering just a second too long on his face. "A friend of your brother’s."

There is something in the way he says friend that makes it sound like a joke.

"My," he adds, stepping closer, eyes narrowing slightly as he studies Shen Yuan’s face. "You really do look alike. I can see it now."

Shen Yuan stiffens.

Not understanding—but reacting anyway.

"The last time I saw you, you were so small!"

Luo Binghe isn't moving, because the confusion is causing him to practically short circuit. What is going on? Who is this man?

Shen Yuan turns back to Shen Jiu.

"Gege," he says, more urgently now, reaching for Shen Jiu again. "Tell me what’s going on. Do I call the police? Who is this—"

"No!"

The word tears out of Shen Jiu, desperate, his voice cracking in a way that shouldn’t be possible for someone like him.

His hands come up—not to push Shen Yuan away this time, but to grab at him, clutching at his sleeve like a lifeline.

"They'll say the same thing they did last time. He has...he has a bright future."

Shen Yuan whips his head back around, opening his mouth to speak to 'Jianluo' again.

“Don’t—don’t talk to him—he’s—he’s the one—before the social worker—”

The sentence falls apart, fragments.

Memories trying to surface and failing.

Jianluo watches, patient as if interested.

He takes yet another step, and Shen Jiu drops.

His legs simply…give out beneath him, like whatever was holding him upright has finally snapped. He hits the ground hard, barely catching himself, breath coming faster now, too fast, his chest rising and falling in sharp, uneven bursts.

"Go away," he whispers.

It sounds wrong, it's too small. There's no genuine anger behind it.

Only fear.

Jianluo crouches slightly, still a few feet away.

"Where’s that Qi-ge of yours?" he murmurs, voice dropping into something softer, more intimate.

"Last time he was very protective. Very loud." A faint smile tugs at his lips. “I don’t see him anywhere now."

Shen Jiu flinches like he’s been struck in the face, because the man is right.

Yue Qi, alongside Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge, is placing the talismans around the amusement park.

"Please," he says, the word barely audible, his voice unraveling completely. "Just go away—"

Luo Binghe feels a sudden sense of nausea, because this is Shen Qingqiu begging.

Pleading for this person to leave.

And they all are unable to move, as if it is the stranger rendering them useless.

Jianluo leans in slightly, far too close.

Close enough that Shen Jiu recoils, pressing back against Shen Yuan without realizing it.

"You always begged so nicely," Jianluo murmurs, almost fond. "Do you remember? You’d shake like this too. I always thought it was cute."

Shen Jiu continues hyperventilating, as Jianluo simply states.

Across the space, Mobei-Jun has already turned, for Xiang Fei is pale.

Not just pale—green, like he might collapse at any second, his entire body trembling as he stares at the scene unfolding.

Mobei-Jun’s voice is low, cautious.

"Did you create this man?"

Xiang Fei swallows thickly. His throat works around the words like they are cutting him from the inside.

"My worst creation," he chokes out.

Mobei-Jun did not hesitate, he called out to the System.

The System flickered into existence.

[System Notification: Ultra-Rare Character Detected! (≧▽≦) Unlock Cost: 100%B-Points

"Explain," Mobei-Jun ordered.

The system glitched briefly, then responded in cold, mechanical text.

[User agrees to give up B-points in exchange for character page?]

Mobei-Jun scowls, but nods in agreement.

[Character: Qiu Jianluo. Role: Primary Antagonist (Hidden Arc) Status: Convicted Criminal: Sexual Violence, Kidnapping, Assault, Multiple Offenses. Narrative Function: Trauma Catalyst: Shen Jiu Backstory Expansion—]

More text flooded in.

Fragments.

Scenes.

A child, a garage filled with piles of trash and what looked like blood.

A boy protecting someone smaller than himself, a door that never should have opened.

[Congratulations User! You've unlocked "Qiu Jianluo" (*°ㅋ°*)]

Mobei-Jun’s expression darkened.

Because he had realized.

This creature, this demonic beast was not kind. It did not have any empathy as it played a moving image showing something that made Mobei-Jun want to vomit.

It had no empathy as those stupid faces flowed across its screen.

This creature did not truly care.

And that was what made it all the more frightening.

Before Qiu Jianluo can speak again—to torment Shen Jiu again.

Someone else stepped forward, and Shen Qingqiu looked surprised.

Luo Binghe stood there in front of Qiu Jianluo.

He placed himself between them without hesitation, his body blocking the line of sight, his presence clashing with Qiu Jianluo's.

"Get out," he says softly.

Qiu Jianluo pauses.

"Binghe–" Shen Yuan whispers.

Then slowly straightens, his gaze shifting as he calculates how much further he can go.

Slides over Luo Binghe, assessing, and amused.

"And you are?" he asks lightly.

"Someone telling you to leave."

For a moment, nothing happens, Qiu Jianluo preparing to laugh and go even further.

Until the temperature drops violently.

The air thickens, cold pressing in from all sides, heavy and suffocating. Conversations around them falter, laughter stutters into uneasy silence. Something instinctive ripples outward—fear without a source.

Qiu Jianluo himself stills, eyes flicking around in confusion. Then he turns.

And sees him, for Yue Qingyuan is walking toward them.

But this is not the man from before.

This is something colder, someone who has remembered exactly what has happened. Exactly who did what.

The first time, he wasn't even there.

Last time, he wasn't strong enough.

This time, this man was both.

Each step is deliberate, the ground itself seeming to hold its breath beneath him.

For this man is a Sect Leader within an immortal body.

Jianluo’s expression shifts—not fear, because he recognizes Yue Qi.

He glances back at Shen Jiu one last time, his lips curling.

"You never did learn," he says quietly, voice dropping into something low and cutting, meant only for him.

"No matter how many people you hide behind, you’re still the same thing underneath."

His gaze drags slowly over him, deliberate, invasive.

"I wonder," he adds softly, "if you still sound the same when you fuck that brat at night—"

He doesn’t get to finish.

Because Yue Qingyuan moves, and Qiu Jianluo bolts for his life.

His boots echo on the ground heated by the sun, and Shen Jiu doesn't see it clearly.

He doesn’t process the motion, the force, the sudden shift in the air.

Because the second it breaks, so does he.

His body folds inward, shaking uncontrollably as Shen Yuan catches him, pulling him close, one hand gripping the back of his shirt like if he lets go, something terrible will happen.

"Gege, it’s okay," Shen Yuan says, voice shaking now too, "It’s okay, he's gone, I’ve got you, I’ve got you—"

Shen Jiu can’t respond. His hands clutch weakly at Shen Yuan’s clothes, fingers trembling, breath still uneven and shallow, like he hasn’t fully come back to himself yet.

Yue Qingyuan is there seconds later, dropping to his knees beside him, whatever had just happened already forgotten, his focus entirely on the man in front of him.

"Xiao-Jiu." he says quietly.

Shen Jiu collapses into his arms, as Yue Qi turns to the rest. Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge stand a few meters away, arms laden with talismans.

"We're ready."

Shen Jiu is lifted from the ground, held close to Yue Qingyuan's chest as he lies stiff.

Shen Yuan clutches Luo Binghe's hand, his gaze full of gratitude for the man's protection.

"Are we going home?"

Yue Qi pauses, "...Yes."

Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge start walking away, the others following close behind. Xiang Fei stops, making everyone else turn back.

"I need to make a call." He says, and Mobei-Jun nods as if he intends to stay until the call is finished.

Yue Qingyuan also nods, and they head towards the center, where the portal is.

Shen Yuan does not know.

But that's okay, he will forgive them for taking him back to that world.

Xiang Fei pulls out his phone, dialing a number he hadn't called in a long time.

His fingers feel heavy, the tapping sound echoing in his ears.

The phone begins to ring, and a woman's voice can be heard through it.

"Hello, who is this?"

"Hi Mom."

"You—!? I won't speak to—"

"Please, let me speak." Xiang Fei says, and his voice suddenly sounds much older. Like he has truly lived a thousand lives, like the world is resting on his shoulders.

"I love you Mom. I don't care if you hate me for this, but I want to tell you about something before I go. I have a...boyfriend—he's a really great person.” He smiled towards Mobei-Jun.

“I'm sorry you don't love me anymore, and I'll try to be better."

He can hear her breaths through the phone, and Xiang Fei feels his eyes burn.

"Goodbye Mom. Goodbye Xi Lan."

The phone clicked, his mother kind enough to hang up on him without screaming insults.

Mobei-Jun stood, feeling the sadness radiate off of Xiang Fei. His husband was crying, thin lines of tears falling down sunkissed cheeks.

His husband clicked into another app, typing out a message that Mobei-Jun could see from where he stood.

'I love you dad. Thank you for everything.'

And then another, what did A-Fei call it? A group chat.

'Love you aunties.'

Then, Xiang Fei opened his final app. It unlocked a screen showing multiple people drawn in cartoonish styles, with what looked like Luo Binghe at the front.

'Proud Immortal Demon Way.'

"Bye dude, thanks for all the money you got me." Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky said as he shut off his phone and turned to Mobei-Jun.

"Haa...we'd better catch up, hm?"

Mobei-Jun nodded, as they walked towards the portal.

He could see figures standing before it, and normal mortals strolling beside, unaware of what it was.

Shen Yuan was being shoved through, clearly yelling at them all to let him go. Xiang Fei rushed forwards, giving a small apologetic smile to poor Cucumber-bro. They all leapt through to the other side, bodies changing as soon as their skin met the swirling depths.

Xiang Fei was last through, waving at the modern world as the portal closed behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Tysm for reading!! Ao3 curse has struck me once more but being at home gives me the ability to write more, also if there's anyone also following my Qijiu atticwifing angstfic I will be mainly focusing on that one once this fic is finished.

I find it quite funny that no matter what i write there's always angst 💔

Wahaha monokuma reference

Another reminder to go back to chapters 10 and 11 to make sure everything makes sense

Recap: Shen Yuan now understands his brother and Yue Qi are Yue Qingyuan and Shen Qingqiu, but he did not know of their plan to trick him into going back into PIDW.

Chapter 14: Xiang Fei Logs Off

Chapter Summary

The End.

Chapter Notes

We've reached the end! There are probably multiple plot holes and grammar mistakes throughout this whole fic, but I had fun writing it and giving closure to Xiang Fei and Mobei-Jun^^

No chapter warnings for this, just cute fluff <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shen Qingqiu awakes upon a bed of silk, feeling soft pillows underneath his weary head. He never did like the soft ones—he only used jade pillows.

Shen Jiu opened his eyes, glancing around the room as if expecting to see a hospital or demon cave. Alas, he instead caught sight of a person almost identical to him, if not for their lighter green and tighter clothing.

Is this…Shen Yuan? In his body? So alike, yet so different at the same time.

Shen Jiu reached out, caressing his brother's head softly.

“Mmh…ge?” Shen Yuan shot up, throwing himself forwards onto Shen Jiu’s chest.

“Agh—off!”

“Jiu-ge, are you alright? Do you feel any pain?”

Despite having lived in another body for nearly twenty-five years, Shen Jiu still remembered every part of this one. He allowed Qi to flow through his meridians, poking at each corner as if looking for something.

His eyebrows raised when he didn't find anything.

“My body…where are the lesions around my dantian?” The shocked tone betrayed his joy at finally having a fully healthy body.

Unbeknownst to him, Shen Yuan turned white as a sheet and audibly gulped.

“Haha—I just managed to fix it up a bit, don't even worry about it.”

Luckily for him, Shen Jiu was so overjoyed at the sudden spurt in health that he didn't bother inquiring further. Had the terrifying man found exactly what Shen Yuan got up to in his body, he would have another Qi deviation and perish.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the doorframe. Shen Qingqiu froze, fearing that one of his disciples or martial siblings was there—and that they wouldn't be too happy seeing him ‘return’ to his normal self.

Instead, Luo Binghe stood there dressed in Qing Jing Peak robes, holding a tray and looking very miserable and sad.

“Shizun…you've been kneeling there for so long, come eat.” He set down the tray, and Shen Yuan shook his head as if displeased.

“Binghe, I'm no longer your Shizun. Jiu-ge has come back to his body, so you have to call him Shizun, okay?”

At that, Luo Binghe looked positively murderous.

Shen Jiu didn't look too different, rising from his bed and joining his brother and brother’s pet at the table.

“No.”

Shen Yuan spluttered, “Ge, you have to be called Shizun in front of everyone else—otherwise people will get suspicious!”

Shen Jiu contemplated this before nodding briefly and reaching for a treat.

Luo Binghe shuffled his ass closer to Shen Yuan, hugging his arm and pushing the plate of snacks further away from Shen Jiu.

“Does this mean I can call you A-Yuan instead?”

Shen Yuan smiled, touching his hand to Binghe's cheek.

Shen Jiu made another fake vomiting face. “Take your dogfood somewhere else.”

Luo Binghe did not dignify that with a response. He only tightened his grip on Shen Yuan’s sleeve slightly.

This was the man. The original. The one whose shadow had lingered over everything, even when he wasn’t there, shaping expectations, resentment, memory. The one who dumped tea on him all those years ago. He was an arrogant, mean, cruel person.

But he was also his Yuan's big brother. And he loved Shen Yuan with all of his heart. He had done his best to protect Yuan, and had done a good enough job that Luo Binghe loved even the parts of him that resembled Shen Jiu.

"…Thank you, little beast."

Shen Yuan jumped, surprised that Shen Jiu would ever utter such words in Luo Binghe's direction.

"…What?"

Shen Jiu looked annoyed immediately after saying it, like he regretted it the second it left his mouth. "Don't make me repeat myself," he snapped, looking away. "You stood in front of him. And me."

Luo Binghe stared at him, something unreadable flickering across his expression—surprise first, then something that didn't quite settle into hostility or apprehension. He nudged the plate of sweets back across the table. Just within Shen Jiu's reach.

"…You're welcome. I'm honored to be able to protect A-Yuan." He said.

Shen Yuan looked between them like he was witnessing a historical event unfold in real time. "I never expected Jiu-ge to ever say thank you to Binghe."

"Neither." Shen Jiu said.

The atmosphere warmed as the tension faded, Shen Yuan admiring his slightly more xianxia-esque face in a small hand mirror. Shen Jiu sipped his tea, Luo Binghe complimenting Shen Yuan's beauty at each new angle.

"What now?" Shen Yuan asked eventually.

That question lingered, heavier than the rest of the ones they had all conjured up. For the first time, there was no immediate answer waiting to be thrown back at him. Shen Jiu leaned back slightly, fingers tapping once against the table before stilling completely.

"We return to how things should be," he said. "You have your own body. I have mine. You live with me, the beast lives in the shed."

"A-Yuan lives with me in my palace."

"And everyone else?" Shen Yuan pressed.

"They adapt."

"That's not how people work, we need to explain things." Shen Yuan muttered.

Shen Jiu scoffed. "Then they can figure it out, my martial---our martial siblings are not as stupid as they may look."

"What about explaining it a little bit?" Shen Yuan continued, glancing between them. "We can’t just walk out there and act like nothing happened. People are going to ask questions about the Qi deviation, and we can't explain the system."

"They already ask questions about A-Yuan's Qi deviation. Even after all these years." Luo Binghe scowled.

"…Okay, yes, but now they’ll ask more questions."

A quiet pause followed, before Luo Binghe spoke again, more carefully this time. "…That man."

The shift in tone and topic was quite jarring, and Shen Yuan stiffened slightly. "Qiu Jianluo."

Luo Binghe’s gaze moved to Shen Jiu. "…Is he like us?"

The question hung there, measured and deliberate. Shen Jiu’s expression darkened even further as he recovered from reliving the experience of seeing the man again.

"No."

But after a moment, he added “But a version of him did exist here."

No elaboration, only the implication that Qiu Jianluo did exist here, but has ceased living.

After all, Qiu Haitang had told him that.

The only person who remained out of Shen Yuan's sight.

And Luo Binghe and Shen Jiu would like to keep it that way. Shen Yuan did not have to know that his precious baby sister existed here as well, as the very person that subjected him to torture in the water prison and mausoleum.

Luckily, Shen Yuan changed the topic. "Do you think they're okay?"

Shen Jiu glanced at him. "Who?"

"…Our parents."

Shen Yuan’s gaze dropped slightly. "We left without explaining, they've probably reported us missing."

Shen Jiu didn’t respond right away. His fingers curled faintly against the table.

"…They’ll be fine," he said at last.

But it wasn’t convincing.

"…We should’ve said something," Shen Yuan murmured.

"…We couldn’t," Shen Jiu replied, then after a pause, quieter still, "But yes."

Shen Yuan loved Shen Hong and Qin Xiu because they were his parents.

Shen Jiu loved them because they were the first parents he ever truly had.

A knock at the door cut cleanly through the moment—three sharp taps that snapped everything back into the present.

Luo Binghe moved first, standing up to open it. Yue Qingyuan stood on the other side, with Mu Qingfang and Liu Qingge just behind him. Yue Qingyuan's gaze moved immediately to Shen Jiu, checking that he was in one piece.

"…Is everything alright?" he asked gently.

"We're fine, Qi-ge."

Mu Qingfang stepped inside, eyes flicking between the two almost identical faces before a small, relieved smile appeared. "I see things have…resolved. Shen-Shixiong and Yuan-Shixiong have returned to their bodies."

"Thanking Mu-Shidi for tolerating everything that happened." Shen Yuan said weakly.

Liu Qingge crossed his arms. "You look very different."

Shen Jiu raised a brow. "Stupid brute. You still state the obvious."

Liu Qingge scowled. "Its been a while, Shen Jiu."

A brief silence followed before Yue Qingyuan stepped forward, his attention shifting to Shen Yuan. "I owe you an apology. We should have told you sooner."

"Everything was supposed to return to its place in the end. I only hold grudges against Shang Qinghua."

He paused, "or should I say, Xiang Fei."

"Then we should decide how to explain this." Mu Qingfang looked mildly worried at the prospect of recounting this entire horrific experience to their martial siblings. "The disciples will notice immediately."

"They already have, since we've all been missing for days on end." Liu Qingge muttered.

Shen Yuan groaned. "Great. Perfect. Amazing. Love that for us."

"…We say the truth," Yue Qingyuan said.

Everyone looked at him in horror.

"A version of it," he amended.

And so, the story was decided.

Shen Jiu had died—so tragically! Shen Yuan, his long-lost brother, had taken his place. And now, through circumstances no one needed to fully understand, Shen Yuan had his own body, and Shen Jiu had returned to the true body! Yippie! Gold star!

"That works for me, all in favor?"

"Mmmm." The collective agreement came.

Like the ending of a my little pony episode, Shen Yuan took Luo Binghe's hand in his own, Shen Jiu on the other side, and stepped forwards.

The sect was already in quiet unrest—disciples gathered in small clusters, whispering, glancing toward the peak, tension hanging thick in the air. Too many people had disappeared. And now, too many had returned.

Would their benevolent, loving Shizun be back?

Wait, what if he was dead again!?

Then a man with a rather stern face yelled out. "Shizun, look, it's Shizun!"

And suddenly—the group was surrounded.

"Shizun!"

"Shizun, you're back!"

"Are you alright—?"

"Shizun!! We missed you, where did you go?"

Shen Jiu stood still for a moment, just watching the disciples flock to him like little sheep.

Ming Fan was the first to slow, his steps faltering as his expression shifted. Something was different—visibly so.

"…Shizun," he said again, quieter than the shouts from before. "You seem…"

He didn't finish, for he didn't need to. Because his Shimei, in all her golden loops and flowing skirts, stepped forwards.

"Shizun?" Whispered Ning Yingying, staring into the icy depths of her teacher's eyes.

Something in her voice trembled—hopeful, but as warm as the day she first met her Shizun.

When he became her guiding light, whether he was cold or warm.

Shen Jiu exhaled, then opened his arms.

That was all it took, she ran forward, crashing into him, clutching tightly as her composure broke completely. "Shizun—!"

Shen Jiu stiffened, just for a second. Then, slowly, his hand came up to rest against her back.

"…I’m here, Ying'er” he said as she sobbed into his chest.

Relief spilled outward—noise, tears, voices overlapping.

"Whos that?"someone asked, glancing toward Shen Yuan.

"Shizun duplicated!"

Shen Yuan smiled, a little awkward, a little soft. "This one… looked after him for you all."

Ning Yingying turned and without hesitation hugged him too.

"…Thank you," she whispered.

Somewhere behind them, Yue Qingyuan had taken Shen Jiu’s hand—careful like he still wasn’t entirely sure it was now allowed.

Shen Jiu didn’t pull away. He only lifted his fan slightly, half-hiding his expression.

Nearby, Liu Qingge stood quietly, watching. Then, after a moment, his gaze shifted—to Mu Qingfang. Lingering, just slightly.

Mu Qingfang smiled.

And red dusted Liu Qingge's cheeks.

What happens when a person's smile shines a brighter light than the one he thought he loved most?

The noise of the sect swelled again, life continuing as though nothing had happened, as though everything hadn’t changed.

—

Miles upon miles away, in a palace of ice and snow, two people laid on top of each other.

Not the biting, hostile kind—but the familiar, steady chill of the Northern lands, settling into skin and bone like the chill of a fresh morning.

The ice palace stands unchanged.

Unmoving, as if it had been patiently waiting.

Xiang Fei exhaled slowly as his feet touch the ground, his shoulders dropping in a way they hadn’t since…he doesn’t even know when.

"…Haa," he breathes out, almost laughing. "We're actually back."

Behind him, the portal seals with a quiet hum, the last trace of that other world disappearing like it had never existed at all.

For a moment, he just stands there.

"Hey," he says, glancing sideways. "You didn't miss me too much, right? While we were spinning for an hour in that damned portal..."

Mobei-Jun is already looking at him, and he hasn't looked away since they first stepped through.

"…You look more like you, A-Fei." He says.

Xiang Fei smiles, beaming brighter than the northern sun.

"Really?"

One moment there's space between them, the next, there isn't.

His hand comes up, resting against Xiang Fei's face, thumb brushing lightly against his cheek like he's confirming something real.

"You left me as Shang Qinghua, and you returned to this Lord as Xiang Fei." Mobei-Jun says.

Xiang Fei's stomach jumps each time his true name is uttered, for it makes his love for Mobei-Jun even stronger.

He leans into the touch, feeling the cold on his cheek. "Of course I did, I can't truly hide anything from my king."

Mobei-Jun pulls his husband closer, arms wrapping around him like he's not letting go again.

Xiang Fei lets out a small, startled sound—then laughs, the tension finally snapping loose as he returns it just as tightly, burying his face against Mobei-Jun's shoulder.

"With this kinda clinginess, you'd think you were a monkey."

Mobei-Jun does not respond, he just clutches closer, burying his face in Xiang Fei's head and smiling.

After a moment, Xiang Fei tilts his head up slightly.

"You know," he says lightly, "for a cool, stoic demon lord, you're being kind of clingy right now."

Mobei-Jun looks down at him.

"Then you should've designed me differently."

Xiang Fei laughs, grasping Mobei-Jun by the face and pressing their lips together.

Mobei-Jun stills for half a second, then responds immediately, one hand sliding to the back of Xiang Fei's neck, holding him there as the kiss deepens, steady and grounding in a way that feels like everything finally settling into place.

When they pull back, Xiang Fei lets out a quiet breath.

A flicker of light cuts into the moment.

As annoying as the day it first appeared.

[System Notification: Congratulations User! All missions have been successfully completed!!! (≧▽≦)]

"Ughh..." Xiang Fei groans, and Mobei-Jun rolls his eyes.

[Final Evaluation in progress! Calculating rewards—]

"Leave."

The System glitches.

[Error: Unrecognized command]

"Leave our presence, filthy creature." Mobei-Jun repeats, voice cold.

The System flickers violently.

[Warning: External interference detect—]

"I said," Mobei-Jun says, eyes darkening slightly, "leave."

He just wants to fuck his husband! Is that so much to ask!?

"Stupid world. Stupid machine."

For a second, nothing happens.

[...Activation: 'Stupid ! Stupid !]

Then the screen distorts, cracks straight down the middle. Static crawling across its surface like someone punched it.

[System… disengaging…(≥∩...≤)]

Silence returned to their heads, no longer plagued by the system.

Xiang Fei stared at the empty space for a moment. Then slowly turned to Mobei-Jun.

"Did you just tell the System to fuck off."

"Mhm."

"That’s kind of hot Dawang," he squealed, throwing his arms around Mobei-Jun's neck.

Mobei-Jun does not respond, still immersed in the moment. But his hand does tighten slightly where it still rests at Xiang Fei's waist.

"So," Xiang Fei says after a moment, glancing around the palace, "what now?"

"You stay with me. Forever."

Xiang Fei snickers, "that's it? The Grand plan from the great demon lord?"

"Yes."

"No dramatic speeches? No ‘we will rebuild together’ or whatever?"

"I shouldn't have expected much, since you're not the biggest talker."

"A-Fei made me like this."

Xiang Fei laughed again. "Alright," he says, leaning back into him easily.

The god of this world, and god's favorite. Entwined in an embrace strong enough to quiet the voice that polices their existence.

The halls still echo, cold and endless. They are not empty anymore. And now, neither are the two that stand within them.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to all my commenters, especially the ones who were here for every chapter since the start! I'm happy to finish this fic and focus on the other...much darker one...and then move on to even more!

I hope everyone enjoyed whatever I had going on here, maybe in the future I'll add a little epilogue that will probably include more moshang smut

-yani

End Notes

We've started! Future chapters will feature more characters including bingqiu, and tags will be updated accordingly~ thank you for reading <3

(Smut will also be in later chapters)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!